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THE
WORKS
OF
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY
LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME X.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY;
AND JOHN WALKER, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.

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THE
POEM
OF
AMRIOLKAIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself attended on a journey by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, *he desires them to stop awhile*, that he might indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request, but exhort him to show more strength of mind, and urge two topicks of consolation; namely, *that he had before been equally unhappy*, and *that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures*: thus by the recollection of his passed delight his imagination is kindled, and his grief suspended.

He then gives his friends a lively account of his juvenile frolicks, to one of which they had alluded. It seems, he had been in love with a girl named *Onaiza*, and had in vain sought an occasion to declare his passion: one day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels. *Am-riolkais* advanced slowly at a distance, and,

when the men were out of sight, had the pleasure of seeing *Onaiza* retire with a party of damsels to a rivulet or pool, called *Daratjulul*, where they undressed themselves, and were bathing, when the lover appeared, dismounted from his camel, and sat upon their clothes, proclaiming aloud, that *whoever would redeem her dress, must present herself naked before him.*

They adjured, entreated, expostulated; but, when it grew late, they found themselves obliged to submit, and all of them recovered their clothes except *Onaiza*, who renewed her adjurations, and continued a long time in the water: at length she also performed the condition, and dressed herself. Some hours had passed, when the girls complained of cold and hunger: *Amriolkais* therefore instantly *killed the young camel on which he had ridden*, and, having called the female attendants together, made a fire and roasted him. The afternoon was spent in gay conversation, not without a cheerful cup, for he was provided with wine in a leathern bottle: but, when it was time to follow the tribe, the prince (for such was his rank) had neither camel nor horse; and *Onaiza*, after much importunity, consented to take him *on her camel before the carriage*, while the other damsels divided among themselves the less agreeable burden of his arms, and the furniture of his beast.

He next relates his courtship of *Fathima*, and his more dangerous amour with a girl of a tribe at

war with his own, *whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates.* From these love-tales he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude, when he was passing a desert in the darkest night; and the mention of the morning, which succeeded, leads him to *a long description of his hunter, and of a chase in the forest*, followed by a feast on the game, which had been pierced by his javelins.

Here his narrative seems to be interrupted by *a storm of lightning and violent rain*: he nobly describes the shower and the torrent, which it produced down all the adjacent mountains, and, his companions retiring to avoid the storm, the drama (for the poem has the form of a dramatick pastoral) ends abruptly.

The metre is of the *first* species, called *long verse*, and consists of the *bacchius*, or *amphibrachys*, followed by the first *epitrite*; or, in the *fourth* and *eighth* places, of the distich, by the *double iambus*, the last syllable being considered as a long one: the regular form, taken from the second chapter of *Commentaries on Asiatick Poetry*, is this;

“ Amator | puellarum | miser sæ | pe fallitur
 “ Ocellis | nigris, labris | odoris, | nigris comis.”

THE

MOALLAKÂT,

OR

SEVEN ARABIAN POEMS,

WHICH WERE SUSPENDED ON

THE TEMPLE AT MECCA;

WITH

A TRANSLATION AND ARGUMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * * * *

* * * * *

THE Discourse will comprise observations on the antiquity of the *Arabian* language and letters; on the dialects and characters of *Himyar* and *Koraish*, with accounts of some *Himyarick* poets; on the manners of the *Arabs* in the age immediately preceding that of *Mahomed*; on the temple at *Mecca*, and the *Moállakút*, or pieces of poetry *suspended* on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives of the *Seven Poets*, with a critical history of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preserved in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*.

The Notes will contain authorities and reasons for the translation of controverted passages; will elucidate all the obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amendments of the text; will direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and will throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the *Arabian* poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from

ADVERTISEMENT.

such of our *European* travellers as best illustrate the ideas and customs of eastern nations. But the *Discourse* and *Notes* are ornamental only, not essential to the work; and, by sending it abroad in its present form, the translator may reap no small advantage, if the learned on the Continent will favour him in the autumn of the summer with their strictures and observations, and will transmit them for that purpose to the publisher. It is hoped, that the war will raise no obstacle to this intercourse with the scholars of *Leiden*, *Paris*, and *Madrid*; for men of letters, as such, ought, in all places and at all times, to carry *Flags of Truce*.

A. D. 1783

NOTE.

The *Genealogical Table* must be placed immediately before the translation, and the page in *Arabic*, before the originals: the second plate contains the 32d, 33d, and 34th verses of *Amrullah*, with the comment of *Tiburtius*.

THE
POEM
OF
AMRIOLKAIŠ.

- 1 “STAY—Let us weep at the remem-
“ brance of our beloved, *at the sight of the*
“ station *where her tent was raised*, by the
“ edge of yon bending sands between DA-
“ HUB and HAUMET,
- 2 “TUDAM and MIKRA; *a station, the*
“ marks of which are not wholly effaced,
“ though the south wind and the north
“ have woven the twisted sand.”
- 3 *Thus I spoke, when* my companions stop-
ped their courfers by my side, and said,
“ Perish not through despair: only be
“ patient.”
- 4 A profusion of tears, *answered I*, is my
sole relief; but what avails it to shed them
over the remains of a deserted mansion?
- 5 “ Thy condition, *they replied*, is not more
“ painful than when thou lesteſt HOWAIRA,

before thy present passion, and her neighbour REBABA, on the hills of MASEL."

6 Yes, I rejoined, when those two damsels departed, musk was diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of clove-gillyflowers:

7 Then gushed the tears from my eyes, through excess of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my sword-belt was drenched in the stream.

8 "Yet hast thou passed many days in sweet converse with the fair; but none so sweet as the day, which thou spentest by the pool of DARAT JULJUL."

9 On that day I killed my camel to give the virgins a feast; and oh! how strange was it, that they should carry his trappings and furniture!

10 The damsels continued till evening helping one another to the roasted flesh, and to the delicate fat like the fringe of white silk finely woven.

11 On that happy day I entered the carriage, the carriage of ONAIZA, who said, "Wo to thee! thou wilt compel me to travel on foot."

12 She added (while the vehicle was bent

aside with our weight), "O AMRIOLKAIS,
"descend, or ~~my~~ beast also will be killed."

13 I answered: "Proceed, and loosen his
"rein; nor withhold from me the fruits
"of thy love, which again and again may
"be tasted with rapture.

14 "Many a fair one like thee, though not
"like *thee* a virgin, have I visited by night;
"and many a lovely mother have I divert-
"ed from the care of her yearling infant
"adorned with amulets:

15 "When the suckling behind her cried,
"she turned round to him with half her
"body; but half of it, pressed beneath my
"embrace, was not turned from me."

16 Delightful too was the day, when FATHIMA
at first rejected me on the summit
of yon sand-hill, and took an oath, which
she declared inviolable.

17 "O FATHIMA, said I, away with so
"much coyness; and, if thou hadst re-
"solved to abandon me, yet at last relent.

18 "If, indeed, my disposition and manners
"are unpleasing to thee, rend at once the
"mantle of my heart, that it may be de-
"tached from thy love.

19 "Art thou so haughty, because my pas-

tion for thee destroys me; and because
 "whatever thou commandest, my heart
 "performs?"

20 "Thou weepest—yet thy tears flow mere-
 "ly to wound my heart with the shafts of
 "thine eyes; my heart, already broken to
 "pieces and agonizing."

21 *Besides these*—with many a spotless vir-
 gin, whose tent had not yet been frequent-
 ed, have I holden soft dalliance at perfect
 leisure.

22 *To visit one of them*, I passed the guards
 of her bower and a hostile tribe, who would
 have been eager to proclaim my death.

23 It was the hour, when the Pleiads ap-
 peared in the firmament, like the folds of a
 silken sash variously decked with gems.

24 I approached—she stood *expecting me* by
 the curtain; and, *as if she was preparing* for
 sleep, had put off all her vesture, but her
 night-dress.

25 She said—"By him who created me
 " (and gave me her lovely hand), I am
 "unable to refuse thee; for I perceive,
 "that the blindness of thy passion is not to
 "be removed."

26 Then I rose with her; and, as we walk-

ed, she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

27 Soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale surrounded with hillocks of spiry sand,

28 I gently drew her towards me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace : her waist was gracefully slender ; but sweetly swelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold.

29 Delicate was her shape ; fair her skin ; and her body well proportioned : her bosom was as smooth as a mirror,

30 Or like the pure egg of an ostrich of a yellowish tint blended with white, and nourished by a stream of wholesome water not yet disturbed.

31 She turned aside, and displayed her soft cheek : she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in *the groves of WEGERA* looking tenderly at her young.

32 Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind, but, when she raised it, exceeded not the justest symmetry ; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned.

33 Her long coal-black hair decorated her

back,* thick and diffused like bunches of dates clustering on the palm-tree.

34 Her locks were elegantly* turned above her head; and the riband, which bound them, was lost in her tresses, part braided, part dishevelled.

35 She discovered a waist taper as a well-twisted cord; and a leg both as white and as smooth as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed, bending over the rivulet.

36 When she sleeps at noon, her bed is besprinkled with musk: she puts on her robe of undress, but leaves the apron to her handmaids.

37 She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of DABIA, or dentifrices made of ESEL-wood.

38 The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit.

39 On a girl like her, a girl of a moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamoured eye.

40 The blind passions of men for common objects of affection are soon dispersed; but

from the love of thee my heart cannot be released.

41 O how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a morose adviser, vehement in censuring my passion for thee ; nor have I been moved by his reproaches !

42 Often has the night drawn her skirts around me like the billows of the ocean, to make trial of my fortitude in a variety of cares ;

43 And I said to her (when she seemed to extend her sides, to drag on her unwieldy length, and to advance slowly with her breast),

44 “ Dispel thy gloom, O tedious night, “ that the morn may rise ; although my “ sorrows are such, that the morning-light “ will not give me more comfort than thy “ shades.

45 “ O hideous night ! a night in which “ the stars are prevented from rising, as if “ they were bound to a solid cliff with “ strong cables !”

46 Often too have I risen at early dawn, while the birds were yet in their nests, and mounted a hunter with smooth short hair, of a full height, and so fleet as to make captive the beasts of the forest ;

47 Ready in turning, quick in pursuing,
bold in advancing, firm in backing; and
performing the whole with the strength
and swiftness of a vast rock, which a tor-
rent has pushed from its lofty base;

48 A bright bay steed, from whose polished
back the trappings slide, as drops of rain
glide hastily down the slippery marble.

49 Even in his weakest state he seems to
boil while he runs; and the sound, which
he makes in his rage, is like that of a
bubbling cauldron.

50 When other horses, that swim through
the air, are languid and kick the dust, he
rushes on like a flood, and strikes the hard
earth with a firm hoof.

51 He makes the light youth slide from his
seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a
heavier and more stubborn rider;

52 Rapid as the pierced wood in the hands
of a playful child, which he whirls quickly
round with a well-fastened cord.

53 He has the loins of an antelope, and the
thighs of an ostrich; he trots like a wolf,
and gallops like a young fox.

54 Firm are his haunches; and, when his
hinder parts are turned towards you, he
fills the space between his legs with a long

thick tail, which touches not the ground,
and inclines not to either side.

55 His back, when he stands in his stall,
resembles the smooth stone on which per-
fumes are mixed for a bride, or the seeds
of colocinteda are bruised.

56 The blood of the swift game, which re-
mains on his neck, is like the crimson
juice of *Hinna* on grey flowing locks.

57 He bears us speedily to a herd of wild
cattle, in which the heifers are fair as the
virgins in black trailing robes, who dance
round *the idol* DEWAAR :

58 They turn their backs, and appear like
the variegated shells of YEMEN on the
neck of a youth distinguished in his tribe
for a multitude of noble kinsmen.

59 He soon brings us up to the foremost of
the beasts, and leaves the rest far behind ;
nor has the herd time to disperse itself.

60 He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers,
and overpowers them in a single heat,
without being bathed, or even moistened,
with sweat.

61 Then the busy cook dresses the game,
roasting part, baking part on hot stones,
and quickly boiling the rest in a vessel of
iron,

62 In the evening we depart ; and, when the beholder's eye ascends to the head of my hunter, and then descends to his feet, it is unable at once to take in all his beauties.

63 His trappings and girths are still upon him : he stands erect before me, not yet loosed for pasture.

64 O friend, feest thou the lightning, whose flashes resemble the quick glance of two hands amid clouds raised above clouds?

65 The fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil, poured on them, shakes the cord by which they are suspended.

66 I sit gazing at it, while my companions stand between DAARIDGE and ODHAIB ; but far distant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed.

67 Its right side seems to pour its rain on *the hills of* KATAN, and its left on *the mountains of* SITAAH and YADBUL.

68 It continues to discharge its waters over COTAIFA till the rushing torrent lays prostrate the groves of *Canabbel*-trees.

69 It passes over *mount* KENAAN, which it deluges in its course, and forces the wild goats to descend from every cliff.

- 70 On *mount* TAIMA it leaves not one
trunk of a palm-tree, nor a single edifice,
which is not built with well-cemented
stone.
- 71 *Mount* TEBEIR stands in the heights of
the flood like a venerable chief wrapped
in a striped mantle.
- 72 The summit of MOGAIMIR, covered
with the rubbish which the torrent has
rolled down, looks in the morning like the
top of a spindle encircled with wool.
- 73 The cloud unloads its freight on the
desert of GHABEIR, like a merchant of
YEMEN alighting with his bales of rich
apparel.
- 74 The finall birds of the valley warble at
day-break, as if they had taken their early
draught of generous wine mixed with
spice.
- 75 The beasts of the wood, drowned in
the floods of night, float, like the roots of
wild onions, at the distant edge of the
lake.

THE
P O E M
OF
T A R A F A.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem was occasioned by a little incident highly characteristic of pastoral manners. TARAFÄ and his brother MABEB jointly possessed a herd of camels, and had agreed to watch them alternately, each on his particular day, lest, as they were grazing, they should be driven off by a tribe with whom their own clan was at war; but our poet was so immersed in meditation, and so wedded to his muse, that he often neglected his charge, and was sharply reproved by his brother, who asked him sarcastically, *Whether, if he lost the camels, they could be restored by his poetry?* “You shall be “convinced of^{it} it,” answered TARAFÄ; and persisted so long in his negligence, that the whole herd was actually seized by the MODARITES. This was more than he really expected; and he applied to all his friends for assistance in recovering the camels: among others he solicited the help of his cousin MALLC, who, instead of granting it, took the opportunity of rebuking him with acrimony for his remissness in that instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention; telling him, that *he was a disgrace to his family, and had raised innumerable enemies.*

The defence of a poet was likely to be best made in poetical language; and TARAFÄ produced the following composition in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life, which had exposed him to censure.

He glories in his passion for women, and begins as usual with lamenting the departure of his beloved KHAULA, or *the tender fawn*; whose beauty he describes in a very lively strain. It were to be wished, that he had said more of his mistress, and less of his camel, of which he, interweaves a very long, and no very pleasing, description.

The rest of the poem contains an eulogy on his own fortitude, sprightliness, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations on the unkindness and ingratitude of MALEC, and with all the common topicks in favour of voluptuousness: he even triumphs on having slain and dressed one of his father's camels, and blames the old man for his churlishness and avarice. It is a tradition preserved by *Abu Obeida*, that one of the chiefs, whom the poet compliments in the *eightieth* couplet, made him a *present of a hundred camels*, and enabled him, as he had promised, to convince his brother, *that poetry could repair his loss*.

The metre is the same with that used by AMRI-OLKAIS.

THE
POEM
OF
T A R A F A.

- 1 “THE mansion of KHAULA is desolate, and the traces of it on the stony hills of TAHMED faintly shine, like the remains of blue figures painted on the back of a hand.”
- 2 *While I spoke thus to myself*, my companions stopped their courfers by my side, and said, “Perish not through despair, but act with fortitude.”
- 3 Ah! *said I*, the vehicles, which bore away my fair one, on the morning when the tribe of MALEC departed, and their camels were traversing the banks of DEDA, resembled large ships
- 4 Sailing from ADULI; or vessels of *the merchant* IBN YAMIN, which the mariner now turns obliquely, and now steers in a direct course;
- 5 Ships, which cleave the foaming waves

with their prows, as a boy at his play divides with his hand the collected earth.

6 In that tribe was a lovely antelope with black eyes, dark ruddy lips, and a beautiful neck gracefully raised to crop the fresh berries of ERAC, a neck adorned with two strings of pearls and topazes.

7 She strays from her young, and feeds with the herd of roes in the tangled thicket, where she brouzes the edges of the wild fruit, and covers herself with a mantle of leaves :

8 She smiles, and displays her bright teeth rising from their dark-coloured basis, like a privet-plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand moistened with dew :

9 To her teeth the sun has imparted his brilliant water ; but not to the part where they grow, which is sprinkled with lead-ore, while the ivory remains unspotted.

10 Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams : unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.

11 Such cares *as this*, whenever they oppress my soul, I dispel *by taking adventurous journies* on a lean, yet brisk, camel.

who runs with a quick pace both morning
and evening ;

12 Sure-footed, firm and thin as the planks
of a bier ; whose course I hasten over
long-trodden paths, variegated like a
striped vest.

13 She rivals the swiftest camels even of
the noblest breed, and her hind-feet ra-
pidly follow her fore-feet on the beaten
way.

14 In the vernal season, she grazes on
yon two hills among others of her race,
whose teats are not yet filled with milk,
and depastures the lawns, whose finest
grass the gentle showers have made luxu-
riantly green.

15 She turns back at the sound of her
rider's voice ; and repels the caresses of a
thick-haired ruffet stallion with the lash of
her bulhy tail,

16 Which appears as if the two wings of
a large white eagle were transfixcd by an
awl to the bone, and hung waving round
both her sides :

17 One while it lashes the place of him,
who rides hindmost on her ; another
while, it plays round her teats, which are
become wrinkled and flaccid like a lea-

thern bag, their milk no longer distending them.

18 Her two haunches are plump, and compact as the two smooth valves of a lofty castle-gate.

19 Supple is her back-bone: her ribs are like the strongest bows; and her neck is firmly raised on the well-connected vertebres.

20 The two cavities under her shoulders are spacious as two dens of beasts among the wild lotus-plants; and stiff bows appear to be bent under her finewy loins.

21 Her two thighs are exceedingly strong, and, when she moves, they diverge like two buckets carried from a well in the hands of a robust drawer of water.

22 *Her joints are well knit, and her bones are solid,* like a bridge of GRECIAN architecture, whose builder had vowed, that he would enclose it with well-cemented bricks.

23 The hair under her chin is of a reddish hue: her back is muscular: she takes long, yet quick, steps with her hind-feet, and moves her fore-feet with agility;

24 She tosses them *from her chest* with the strength and swiftness of cables firmly pulled *by a nervous arm*; and her shoul-

ders are bent like the rafters of a lofty dome :

25 She turns rapidly from the path : exceedingly swift is her pace ; long is her head ; and her shoulder-bones are strongly united to her sides.

26 The white and hollow marks of the cords, with which her burdens have been tied to her back, resemble pools of water on the smooth brow of a solid rock,

27 Marks, which sometimes unite and sometimes are distinct, like the gores of fine linen, which are sewed under the arms of a well-cut robe.

28 Long is her neck ; and, when she raises it with celerity, it resembles the stern of a ship floating aloft on the billowy TIGRIS.

29 Her skull is firm as an anvil ; and the bones, which the sutures unite, are indented, and sharp as a file.

30 Her cheek is smooth and white as paper of SYRIA ; and her lips, as soft as dyed leather of YEMEN, exactly and smoothly cut.

31 Her two eyes, like two polished mirrors, have found a hiding-place in the caverns of their orbits, the bones of which

are like rocks, in whose cavities the water is collected :

32 Thou beholdest them free from blemish or spot, and resembling in beauty those of a wild cow, the mother of playful young, when the voice of the hunter has filled her with fear.

33 Her ears truly distinguish every sound, to which she listens attentively in her nightly journeys, whether it be a gentle whisper or a loud noise ;

34 Sharp ears, by which the excellence of her breed is known ! ears, like those of a solitary wild-bull in the groves of HAUMEL.

35 Her heart, easily susceptible of terror, palpitates with a quick motion, yet remains firm *in her chest* as a round solid stone striking a broad floor of marble.

36 If I please, she raises her head to the middle of her trappings, and swims with her fore-legs as swift as a young ostrich.

37 If I please, she moves more slowly ; if not, she gallops, through fear of the strong lash formed of twisted thongs.

38 Her upper lip is divided, and the softer part of her nose is bored : when she

bends them towards the ground, her pace is greatly accelerated.

39 On a camel like this I continue my course, when the companion of my adventure exclaims : “ Oh ! that I could redeem thee, and redeem myself from the “ impending danger ! ”

40 While his soul flutters through fear, and, imagining that he has lost the way, he supposes himself on the brink of perdition.

41 When the people say aloud, “ Who is “ the man *to deliver us from calamity* ? ” I believe that they call upon me, and I disgrace not their commission by supineness or folly.

42 I shake the lash over my camel, and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs.

43 She floats proudly along with her flowing tail, as the dancing-girl floats in the banquet of her lord, and spreads the long white skirts of her trailing vest.

44 I inhabit not the lofty hills through fear of enemies or of guests ; but, when the tribe or the traveller demand my assistance, I give it eagerly.

45 If you seek me in the circle of the as-

sembled nation, there you find me ; and,
if you hunt me in the bowers of the
vintner, there too you discover your
game.

46 When you visit me in the morning, I
offer you a flowing goblet ; and, if you
make excuses, I bid you drink it with
pleasure, and repeat your draught.

47 When all the clan are met to state their
pretensions to nobility, you will perceive
me raised to the summit of an illustrious
house, the refuge of the distressed.

48 My companions in the feast are youths
bright as stars, and singing-girls, who ad-
vance towards us, clad in striped robes and
saffron-coloured mantles :

49 Large is the opening of their vests above
their delicate bosoms, through which the
inflamed youth touches their uncovered
breasts of exquisite softness.

50 When we say to one of them, “ Let us
“ hear *a song*,” she steps before us with
easy grace, and begins with gentle notes,
in a voice not forced :

51 * When she warbles in a higher strain,
you would believe her notes to be those
of camels lamenting their lost young.

52 Thus I drink old wine without ceasing,

and enjoy the delights of life ; felling and dissipating my property both newly acquired and inherited ;

53 Until the whole clan reject me, and leave ~~me~~ solitary like a diseased camel smeared with pitch :

54 Yet even now I perceive, that the sons of earth (*the most indigent men*) acknowledge my bounty, and the rich inhabitants of yon extended camp *confess my glory*.

55 O thou, who censurest me for engaging in combats and pursuing pleasures, wilt thou, *if I avoid them*, insure my immortality ?

56 If thou art unable to repel the stroke of death, allow me, before it comes, to enjoy the good, which I possess.

57 Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I swear by thy prosperity, that I should not be solicitous how soon my friends visited me on my death-bed :

58 First ; to rise before the censurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which sparkles and froths when the clear stream is poured into it.

59 Next, when a warrior, encircled by foes, implores my aid. to bend towards

him my prancing charger, fierce as a wolf
among the GADHA-trees, whom the sound
of human steps has awakened, and who
runs to quench his thirst at the brook.

60 Thirdly, to shorten a cloudy day, a
day astonishingly dark, by toying with a
lovely delicate girl under a tent supported
by pillars,

61 A girl, whose bracelets and garters
seem hung on the stems of OSHAR-trees,
or of *ricinus*, not stripped of their soft
leaves.

62 Suffer me, whilst I live, to drench my
head *with wine*, lest, having drunk too
little in my life-time, *I should be thirsty in
another state.*

63 A man of my generous spirit drinks his
full draught to-day ; and to-morrow, when
we are dead, it will be known, which of
us has not quenched his thirst.

64 I see no difference between the tomb of
the anxious miser, gasping over his hoard,
and the tomb of the libertine lost in the
maze of voluptuousness.

65 You behold the sepulchres of them both
raised in two heaps of earth, on which are
elevated two broad piles of solid marble
among the tombs closely connected.

66 Death, I observe, selects the noblest
heroes for her victims, and reserves as her
property the choicest possessions of the for-
did hoarder.

67 I consider time as a treasure decreasing
every night; and that, which every day
diminishes, soon perishes for-ever.

68 By thy life, my friend, when death in-
flicts not her wound, she resembles a
camel-driver, who relaxes the cord which
remains twisted in his hand.

69 What causes the variance, which I
perceive, between me and my cousin
MALEC, who, whenever I approach him,
retires and flees to a distance?

70 He censures me, whilst I know not the
ground of his censure; just as KARTH,
the son of AABED, reproved me in the
assembly of the tribe.

71 He bids me wholly despair of all the
good which I seek, as if we had buried it
in a gloomy grave;

72 And this for no defamatory words
which I have uttered, but only because
I fought, without remissness, for the ca-
mels of my brother MABED.

73 I have drawn closer the ties of our rela-
tion, and I swear by thy prosperity, that,

in all times of extreme distress, my succour is at hand.

74 Whenever I am summoned on momentous enterprises, I am prepared to encounter peril; and, whenever the foe assails thee impetuously, I defend thee with equal vehemence.

75 If any base defamers injure thy good name by their calumnies, I force them, without previous menace, to drain a cup from the pool of death;

76 Yet, without having committed any offence, I am treated like the worst offender, am censured, insulted, upbraided, rejected.

77 Were any other man *but* MALEC my cousin, he would have dispelled my cares, or have left me at liberty for a season.

78 But my kinsman strangles me with cruelty, even at the very time when I am giving thanks for past, and requesting new, favours; even when I am seeking from him the redemption of my soul.

79 The unkindness of relations gives keener anguish to every noble breast than the stroke of an INDIAN cimeter.

80 Permit me then to follow the bent of

my nature, and I will be grateful for thy indulgence, although my abode should be fixed at such a distance as the mountains of DARGHED.

81 Had it pleased the Author of my being, I might have been illustrious as KAIS, the son of KHALED; had it pleased my Creator, I might have been eminent as AMRU, the son of MORTHED:

82 Then should I have abounded in wealth; and the noblest chiefs would have visited me as a chieftain equally noble.

83 I am light, as you know me all, and am nimble; following my own inclinations, and briskly moving as the head of a serpent with flaming eyes.

84 I have sworn, that my side should never cease to line a bright INDIAN blade with two well-polished and well-sharpened edges.

85 A penetrating cimeter! When I advance with it in my defence against a fierce attack, the first stroke makes a second unnecessary: it is not a mere pruning-sickle,

86 But the genuine brother of confidence, not bent by the most impetuous blow; and, when they say to me, "Gently," I

restrain its rage, and exclaim, "It is
" enough."

87 When the whole clan are bracing on
their armour with eager haste, thou may'st
find me victorious in the conflict, as soon
as my hand can touch the hilt of this
cimeter.

88 Many a herd of slumbering camels have
I approached with my drawn sabre, when
the foremost of them *awakening* have fled
through fear of me :

89 But one of them has passed before me,
strong-limbed, full-breasted, and well-fed,
the highly-valued property of a morose
old churl, dry and thin as a fuller's club.

90 He said to me, when the camel's hoof
and thigh were dismembered, " Seest thou
" not how great an injury thou hast done
" me ?

91 Then he turned to his attendants, say-
ing, " What opinion do you form of that
" young wine-drinker, who assails us im-
" petuously, whose violence is precon-
" certed ?"

92 " Leave him, he added, and let this
" camel be his perquisite ; but, unless you
" drive off the hindmost of the herd, he
" will reiterate his mischief."

93 Then our damsels were busy in dressing
the camel's foal, and eagerly served up the
luscious bunch.

94 O daughter of MABED, sing my praises,
if I am slain, according to my desert, and
rend thy vest with sincere affliction !

95 Compare me not with any man, whose
courage equals not my courage ; whose
exploits are not like mine ; who has not
been engaged in combats, in which I
have been distinguished ;

96 With a man slow in noble enterprises,
but quick in base pursuits ; dishonoured in
the assembly of the tribe, and a vile out-
cast.

97 Had I been ignoble among my coun-
trymen, the enmity of the befriended and
the friendless might have been injurious to
me ;

98 But their malevolence is repelled by
my firm defiance of them, by my boldness
in attack, by my solid integrity, and my
exalted birth.

99 By thy life, the hardest enterprises nei-
ther fill my day with solicitude, nor
lengthen the duration of my night :

100 But many a day have I fixed my sta-
tion immoveably in the close conflict, and

defended a pass, regardless of hostile menaces,

101 On my native field of combat, where even the boldest hero might be apprehensive of destruction ; where the muscles of our chargers quake, as soon as they mingle in battle ;

102 And many an arrow *for drawing lots* have I seen well-hardened and made yellow by fire, and then have delivered it into the hand of a gamester noted for ill-fortune.

103 *Too much wisdom is folly* ; for time will produce events, of which thou canst have no idea ; and he, to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.

THE
POEM
OF
ZOHAIK.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE war of DAHIS, of which *Amriolkais* is by some supposed to have been the cause, had raged near forty years, if the *Arabian* account be true, between the tribes of ABS and DHOBYAN, who both began at length to be tired of so bloody and ruinous a contest: a treaty was therefore proposed and concluded; but HOSEIN, the son of DEMDEM, whose brother HAREM had been slain by WARD, the son of HABES, had taken a solemn oath, not unusual among the Arabs, *that he would not bathe his head in water*, until he had avenged the death of his brother, by killing either WARD himself, or one of his nearest relations. His head was not long unbathed; and he is even supposed to have violated the law of hospitality by slaying a guest, whom he found to be an ABSITE descended lineally from the common ancestor GALEB. This malignant and vindictive spirit gave great displeasure to HARETH and HAREM, two virtuous chiefs of the same tribe with HOSEIN; and, when the ABSITES were approaching in warlike array to resent the infraction of the treaty, HARETH sent his own

son to the tent of their chief with *a present of a hundred fine camels*, as an atonement for the murder of their countryman, and a message importing his firm reliance on their honour, and his hope, *that they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of his son*. Upon this *Rabciab*, the prince of ABS, having harangued his troops, and received their approbation, sent back the youth with this answer; that “he accepted the
 “camels as an expiatory gift, and would supply
 “the imperfection of the former treaty by a
 “sincere and durable peace.”

In commemoration of this noble act, ZOHAIK, then a very old man, composed the following panegyrick on *Hareth* and *Harem*; but the opening of it, like all the others, is amatory and elegiack: it has also something of the dramatick form.

The poet, supposed to be travelling with a friend, recognises the place where the tent of his mistress had been pitched twenty years before: he finds it wild and desolate; but his imagination is so warmed by associated ideas of former happiness, that he seems to discern a company of damsels, with his favourite in the midst of them, of whose appearance and journey he gives a very lively picture; and thence passes, rather abruptly, to the praises of the two peace-makers and their tribe; inveighs against the malignity of HOSEIN; personifies *War*, the miseries of

which he describes in a strain highly figurative; and concludes with a number of fine maxims, not unlike the proverbs of *Solomon*, which he repeats to his friend as a specimen of his wisdom acquired by long experience.

The measure is the same with that of the first and second poems.

THE
POEM
OF
Z O H A I R.

- 1 ARE these the only traces of the lovely
OMMAUFIA? Are these the silent ruins of
her mansion in the rough plains of DER-
RAAGE and MOTHATALLEM?
- 2 Are the remains of her abode, in the two
stations of RAKMA, become like blue stains
renewed with fresh woad on the veins of
the wrist?
- 3 There the wild cows with large eyes,
and the milk-white deer, walk in slow suc-
cession, while their young rise hastily to
follow them from every lair.
- 4 On this plain I stopped, after an absence
of twenty summers, and with difficulty
could recollect the mansion of my fair one
after long meditation;
- 5 *After surveying* the black stones on which
her cauldrons used to be raised, and the

canal round her tent, like the margin of a fish-pond, which time had not destroyed.

6 Soon as I recollected the dwelling-place of my beloved, I said to the remains of her bower: "Hail, sweet bower; may thy morning be fair and auspicious!"

7 But, *I added*, look, my friend! dost thou not discern a company of maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above *the streams* of JORTHAM?

8 They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of KENAAN. Oh! how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does KENAAN contain!

9 They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson *Andem*-wood.

10 They now appear by the valley of SUBAAN, and now they pass through it: the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

11 When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

12 The locks of stained wool, that fall from their carriages, whenever they alight, re

emblem the scarlet berries of night-shade not yet crushed.

13 They rose at day-break ; they proceeded at early dawn ; they are advancing towards the valley of RAS *directly and surely*, as the hand to the mouth.

14 Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents, like the Arab with a settled mansion.

15 Among them the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious observant eye may be gratified with charming objects.

16 *In this place*, how nobly did the two descendants of GAIDH, the son of MORRA, labour to unite the tribes, which a fatal effusion of blood had long divided !

17 I have sworn by the sacred edifice, round which the sons of KORASIR and JORHAM, who built it, make devout processions ;

18 Yes, I have solemnly sworn, that I would give due praise to that illustrious pair, who have shown their excellence in all affairs, both simple and complicated.

19 *Noble chiefs !* You reconciled ABS and PHOBYAN after their bloody conflicts ; after the deadly perfumes of MINSHAM had long scattered poison among them.

20 You said, " We will secure the publick
" good on a firm basis : whatever profusion
" of wealth or exertions of virtue it may
" demand, we *will* secure it."

21 Thence you raised a strong fabrick of
peace ; from which all partial obstinacy and
all criminal supineness were alike removed.

22 Chiefs, exalted in the high ranks of
MAAD, *father of Arabs!* may you be led
into the paths of felicity ! The man, who
opens for his country a treasure of glory,
should himself be glorified.

23 They drove to the tents of their appeased
foes a herd of young camels, marked for
the goodness of their breed, and either in-
herited from their fathers or the scattered
prizes of war.

24 With a hundred camels they closed all
wounds : in due season were they given,
yet the givers were themselves free from
guilt.

25 The atonement was auspiciously offered
by one tribe to the other ; yet those, who
offered it, had not shed a cupful of blood.

26 Oh ! convey this message from me to
the sons of DHOBAN, and say to the con-
federates : Have you not bound yourselves
in this treaty by an indissoluble tie ?

27 Attempt not to conceal from GOD the
designs which your bosoms contain ; for
that, which you strive to hide, GOD per-
fectly knows.

28 He sometimes defers the punishment,
but registers the crime in a volume, and
reserves it for the day of account ; some-
times he accelerates the chastisement, and
heavily it falls !

29 War is a dire fiend, as you have known
by experience ; nor is this a new or a doubt-
ful assertion concerning her.

30 When you expelled her from your plains,
you expelled her covered with infamy ; but,
when you kindled her flame, she blazed
and raged.

31 She ground you, as the mill grinds the
corn with its lower stone : like a female
camel she became pregnant ; she bore twice
in one year ; and, at her last labour, she
was the mother of twins :

32 She brought forth Distress and Ruin,
monsters full-grown, each of them deformed
as the dun camel of AAD : she then gave
them her breast, and they were instantly
weaned.

33 O what plenty she produced in your
land ! The provisions, which she supplied,

were more abundant, no doubt, than those which the cities of IRAK dispense to their inhabitants, weighed with large weights, and measured in ample measures !

34 Hail, illustrious tribe ! They fix their tents where faithful allies defend their interests, whenever some cloudy night affails them with sudden adversity.

35 Hail, noble race ! among whom neither can the revengeful man wreak his vengeance ; nor is the penitent offender left to the mercy of his foes.

36 Like camels, were they turned loose to pasture between the times of watering ; and then were they led to copious pools, horrid with arms and blood :

37 They dragged one another to their several deaths ; and then were they brought back, like a herd, to graze on pernicious and noxious weeds.

38 I swore by my life, that I would exalt with praises that excellent tribe, whom HOSEIN, the son of DEMDEM, injured, when he refused to concur in the treaty.

39 He bent his whole mind to the accomplishment of his hidden purpose : he revealed it not ; he took no precipitate step.

40 He said, " I will accomplish my design ;

“ and will secure myself from my foe with
“ a thousand horses well-caparisoned.”

41 He made a fierce attack, nor feared the
number of tents, where *Death*, the mother
of vultures, had fixed her mansion ;

42 There the warrior stood armed at all
points, fierce as a lion with strong muscles,
with a flowing mane, with claws never
blunted ;

43 A bold lion, who, when he is assailed,
speedily chastises the assailant ; and, when
no one attacks him openly, often becomes
the aggressor.

44 Yet I swear by thy life, *my friend*, that
their lances poured not forth the blood of
IBN NEHEIC, nor of MOTHALLEM cruelly
slain :

45 Their javelins had no share in drinking
the blood of NAUFAL, nor that of WAHEB,
nor that of IBN MOJADDEM.

46 The deaths of all those chiefs I myself
have seen expiated with camels free from
blemish, ascending the summits of rocks.

47 He, indeed, who rejects the blunt end
of the lance, *which is presented as a token of
peace*, must yield to the sharpness of the
point, with which every tall javelin is
armed.

- 48 He, who keeps his promise, escapes blame; and he, who directs his heart to the calm resting-place of integrity, will never stammer nor quake *in the assemblies of his nation.*
- 49 He, who trembles at all possible causes of death, falls in their way; even though he desire to mount the skies on a scaling-ladder.
- 50 He, who possesses wealth or talents, and withholds them from his countrymen, alienates their love, and exposes himself to their obloquy.
- 51 He, who continually debases his mind by suffering others to ride over it, and never raises it from so abject a state, will at last repent of his meanness.
- 52 He, who sojourns in foreign countries, mistakes his enemy for his friend; and him, who exalts not his own soul, the nation will not exalt.
- 53 He, who drives not invaders from his cistern with strong arms, will see it demolished; and he, who abstains ever so much from injuring others, will often himself be injured.
- 54 He, who conciliates not the hearts of men in a variety of transactions, will be

bitten by their sharp teeth, and trampled on by their patterns.

55 He, who shields his reputation by generous deeds, will augment it; and he, who guards not himself from censure, will be censured.

56 I am weary of the hard burdens which life imposes; and every man who, *like me*, has lived fourscore years, will assuredly be no less weary.

57 I have seen Death herself stumble like a dim-sighted camel; but he, whom she strikes, falls; and he, whom she misses, grows old, even to decrepitude.

58 Whenever a man has a peculiar cast in his nature, although he supposes it concealed, it will soon be known.

59 Experience has taught me the events of this day and yesterday; but, as to the events of to-morrow, I confess my blindness.

60 * Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is his heart: the rest is only an image composed of blood and flesh.

61 * He, who confers benefits on persons unworthy of them, changes his praise to blame, and his joy to repentance.

62 * How many men dost thou see, whose abundant merit is admired, when they are

silent, but whose failings are discovered, as soon as they open their lips !

63 * An old man never grows wise after his folly ; but, when a youth has acted foolishly, he may attain wisdom.

64 * We asked, and you gave: we repeated our requests, and your gift also was repeated ; but whoever frequently solicits, will at length meet with a refusal.

THE
POEM
OF
LEBEID.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALTHOUGH the opening of this poem be that of a love-elegy, and the greater part of it be purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress, or the complaints of a lover ; for the poet, *who was also a genuine patriot*, had been entertained at the court of **NOMMAN**, king of **HIRA** in *Mesopotamia*, and had been there engaged in a warm controversy with **RABEIAH**, son of *Zeiad*, chief of the *Abrites*, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes : **LEBEID** himself relates, what might be very naturally expected from a man of his eloquence and warmth, *that he maintained the glory of his countrymen and his own dignity against all opponents* ; but, in order to perpetuate his victory, and to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced the following poem at the annual assembly, and, having obtained the suffrages of the criticks, was permitted, we are told, to hang it up on the gate of the Temple.

The fifteen first couplets are extremely picturesque, and highly characteristick of *Arabian* manners : they are followed by an expostulatory address of the poet himself, or of some friend, who attended him in his rambles, on the folly of his fruitless passion for *Nawara*, who had slighted him, and whose tent was removed to a

considerable distance. Occasion is hence taken to interweave a long description of the camel, on which he intended to travel far from the object of his love, and which he compares for swiftness to a cloud driven by the wind, or a wild-ass running to a pool, after having subsisted many months on herbage only ; or rather to a wild-cow hastening in search of her calf, whom the wolves had left mangled in the forest: the last comparison consists of *seventeen* couplets, and may be compared with the long-tailed similes of the *Greek* and *Roman* poets. He then returns to *Nawara*, and requites her coyness with expressions of equal indifference ; he describes the gaiety of his life, and the pleasures which he can enjoy even in her absence ; he celebrates his own intrepidity in danger, and firmness on his military station ; whence he takes occasion to introduce a short, but lively, description of his horse ; and, in the *seventieth* couplet, alludes to the before-mentioned contest, which gave rise to the poem : thence he passes to the praises of his own hospitality ; and concludes with a panegyrick on the virtues of his tribe.

The measure is of the fifth class, called *perfect verse*, which regularly consists of the compound foot *benedicent*, six times repeated, in this form :

“ Tria grata sunt | animo meo, ut | melius nihil,
 “ Oculi nigri, | cyathus nitens, | roseus calyx.”

But when the couplet admits the third epitrite, *pastoribus*, and the double iambus, *amantium*, it may be considered as belonging to the seventh, or *tremulous*, class; between which and the *perfect*, the only distinction seems to be, that the *tremulous* never admits the *anapestick* foot. They are both, in the language of *European* prosody, *iambicks*, in which the even places are invariably pure, and the odd places always exclude the dactyl: when the uneven feet are *trochees* or *pyrrhicks*, the verses become *choriambick* or *peonick*; but of this change we have no instance in the poem before us.

THE
POEM
OF
L E B E I D.

- 1 DESOLATE are the mansions *of the fair*, the stations in MINIA, where they rested, and those where they fixed their abodes ! Wild are the hills of GOUL, and deserted is the summit of RIJAAM.
- 2 The canals of RAYAAN are destroyed : the remains of them are laid bare and smoothed *by the floods*, like characters engraved on the solid rocks.
- 3 Dear ruins ! Many a year has been closed, many a month, holy and unhallowed, has elapsed, since I exchanged tender vows with their fair inhabitants.
- 4 The rainy constellations of spring have made their hills green and luxuriant : the drops from the thunder-clouds have drenched them with profuse, as well as with gentle, showers ;

5 *Showers*, from every nightly cloud, from every cloud veiling the horizon at day-break, and from every evening-cloud, responsive with hoarse murmurs.

6 Here the wild eringo-plants raise their tops: here the antelopes bring forth their young by the sides of the valley; and here the ostriches drop their eggs.

7 The large-eyed wild-cows lie suckling their young, a few days old; their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain.

8 The torrents have cleared the rubbish, and disclosed the traces of habitations, as the reeds of a writer restore effaced letters in a book;

9 Or as the black dust, sprinkled over the varied marks on a fair hand, brings to view with a brighter tint the blue stains of woad.

10 I stood asking news of the ruins concerning their lovely habitants; but what avail my questions to dreary rocks, who answer them only by their echo?

11 In the plains, which now are naked, a populous tribe once dwelled; but they decamped at early dawn, and nothing of them remains but the canals, which encircled their tents, and the THUMAAM-plants, *with which they were repaired.*

- 12 How were thy tender affections raised,
when the damsels of the tribe departed ;
when they hid themselves in carriages of
cotton, like antelopes in their lair, and the
tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing
found !
- 13 They were concealed in vehicles, whose
sides were well-covered with awnings and
carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured
veils :
- 14 A company of maidens were seated in
them *with black eyes and graceful motions*,
like the wild heifers of TUDAH, or the roes
of WEGERA tenderly gazing on their young.
- 15 They hastened their camels, till the sultry
vapour gradually stole them from thy sight ;
and they seemed to pass through a vale,
wild with tamarisks and rough with large
stones like the valley of BEISHA.
- 16 Ah ! what remains in thy remembrance
of the beautiful NAWARA, since now she
dwells at a distance, and all the bonds of
union between her and thee, both strong
and weak, are torn asunder ?
- 17 A damsel, who sometimes has her abode
in FAID, and sometimes is a neighbour to
the people of HEJAAZ ! how can she be
an object of thy desire ?

- 18 She alights at the eastern side of the two mountains, *Aja* and *Salma*, and then stops on the hills of MOHAJJER ; ROKHAAM also and FERDA receive her with joy.
- 19 When she travels towards YEMEN, we may suppose that she rests at SAWAYIK ; and baits at the stations of WAHAAF and TELKHAAM.
- 20 Break then so vain a connexion with a mistress whose regard has ceased ; for hapless is an union with a maid, who has broken her vow !
- 21 When a damsel is kind and complacent, love her with ardent affection ; but, when her faith staggers and her constancy is shaken, let your disunion from her be unalterably fixed.
- 22 *Execute thy purpose, O Lebeid*, on a camel, wearied by long journies, which have left but little of her former strength ; a camel, whose sides are emaciated, and on whose back the bunch is diminished :
- 23 Yet even in this condition, when her flesh is extenuated, and her hair thin, when after many a toilsome day, the thong of her shoes is broken,
- 24 Even now she has a spirit so brisk, that she flies with the rein, like a dun cloud

driven by the south wind, after it has discharged its shower;

25 Or like a female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk, while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage.

26 He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her late fondness, fills him with surprise.

27 He ascends the sandy hillock of THALBUT, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones.

28 There they remain till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past; they subsist on herbage without water; their time of fasting and of retirement is long.

29 The thorns of the BUHMA-plant wound their hind-legs, and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently in their course.

30 At length they form in their minds a fixed resolution of *seeking some cool rivulet*, and the object of their settled purpose is nearly attained.

- 31 They alternately raise high clouds of dust
with an extended shade, as the smoke rises
from a pile of dry wood newly kindled and
flaming ;
- 32 When fresh ARFADGE-plants are min-
gled in the heap, and the north-wind plays
with the blazing fire.
- 33 He passes on, but makes her run before
him ; for such is his usual course, when he
fears that she will linger behind.
- 34 They rush over the margin of the rivulet,
they divide the waters of the full stream,
whose banks are covered with the plants of
KOLAAM,
- 35 Banks, which a grove of reeds, part erect
and part laid prostrate, overshades or clothes
as with a mantle.
- 36 Is this *the swiftness of my camel* ? No ;
rather she resembles a wild-cow, whose calf
has been devoured by ravenous beasts, when
she had suffered him to graze apart, and
relied for his protection on the leader of
the herd ;
- 37 A mother with flat nostrils ; who, as soon
as she misses her young one, ceases not to
run hastily round the vales between the
sand-hills, and to fill them with her mourn-
ful cries ;

- 38 With cries for her white-haired young,
who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun
wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided
his mangled limbs, and their feast has not
been interrupted.
- 39 They met him in the moment of her
neglect; they seized him with eagerness;
for oh, how unerring are the arrows of
death!
- 40 She passes the night in agony; while
the rain falls in a continued shower, and
drenches the tangled groves with a profuse
stream.
- 41 She shelters herself under the root of a
tree, whose boughs are thick, apart from
other trees, by the edge of a hill, whose
fine sands are shaken by her motion:
- 42 Yet the successive drops fall on her strip-
ped back, while the clouds of night veil the
light of the stars.
- 43 Her white hair glimmers, when the dark-
ness is just coming on, and sparkles like
the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters
them from their string.
- 44 At length, when the clouds are dispersed,
and the dawn appears, she rises early, and
her hoofs glide on the slippery ground.
- 45 She grows impatient, and wild with

grief: she lies frantick in the pool of
SOAYID for seven whole days with their
twin-sisters, *seven nights*;

46 And now she is in total despair; her
teats, which were full of milk, are grown
flaccid and dry, though they are not worn
by suckling and weaning her young.

47 She now hears the cry of the hunters;
she hears it, but sees them not; she trem-
bles with fear; for she knows that the
hunters bring her destruction.

48 She sits quivering, and imagines, that
the cause of her dread will appear on one
side and the other, before and behind her.

49 When the archers despair *of reaching*
her with their shafts, they let slip their
long-eared hounds, answering to their names,
with bodies dry and thin.

50 They rush on; but she brandishes against
them her extended horns, both long and
sharp as javelins made by the skilful hand
of SAMHAR,

51 Striving to repel them; for she knows
that, if her effort be vain, the destined mo-
ment of her death must soon approach:

52 Then she drives *the dog* CASAAB to his
fate: she is stained with his blood; and
SOKHAAM is left prostrate on the field.

53 On a camel like this, when the flashes of
the noon-tide vapour dance over the plain,
and the sultry mist clothes the parched
hills,

54 I accomplish my bold design, from which
I am not deterred by any fear of reprehension
from the most censorious man.

55 Knowest thou not, O NAWARA, that I
preserve the knot of affection entire, or cut
it in two, as the objects of it are constant or
faithless?

56 That I would leave without reluctance a
country not congenial to my disposition,
although death were instantly to overtake
my soul?

57 Ah! thou knowest not how many serene
nights, with sweet sport and mirthful re-
velry,

58 I pass in gay conversation; and often re-
turn to the flag of the wine-merchant, when
he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine
at a high price:

59 I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate
in dark leathern bottles long repositied, or
in casks, black with pitch, whose seals I
break, and then fill the cheerful goblet.

60 How often do I quaff pure wine in the
morning, and draw towards me the fair lu-

tami², whose delicate fingers skilfully touch the strings!

61 I rise before the cock to take my morning draught, which I sip again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake.

62 On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the north holds their reins, I turn aside their blast *from the travellers, whom I receive in my tent.*

63 When I rise early to defend my tribe, my arms are born by a swift horse, whose girths resemble my fash adorned with gems.

64 I ascend a dusty hill to explore the situation of the foe, and our dust flying in clouds reaches the hostile standard.

65 At length, when the sun begins to sink into darkness, and the veil of night conceals the ambuscade and the stratagems of our enemy,

66 I descend into the vale; and my steed raises his neck like the smooth branch of a lofty palm, which he, who wishes to cut it, cannot reach:

67 I incite him to run like a fleet ostrich, in his impetuous course, until, when he boils in his rage, and his bones are light,

68 His trappings are strongly agitated; a

shower flows down his neck ; and his sur-
cingle is bathed in the scalding foam.

69 He lifts his head : he flies at liberty with
the loose rein ; and hastens to his goal, as
a dove hastens to the brook, when her
feverish thirst rages.

70 There is a mansion (*the palace of NO-*
MAAN) filled with guests, unknown to each
other, hoping for presents and fearing re-
proof :

71 It is inhabited by men, like strong-neck-
ed lions, who menace one another with
malignant hate, like the demons of *BADIYA*,
with feet firmly rivetted in the conflict.

72 I disputed their false pretensions, yet ad-
mitted their real merit, according to my
judgement ; nor could the noblest among
them surpass me in renown.

73 Oft have I invited *a numerous company* to
the death of a camel, bought for slaughter,
to be divided by lot with arrows of equal
dimensions :

74 I invite them to draw lots for a camel
without a foal, and for a camel with her
young one, whose flesh I distribute to all
the neighbours.

75 The guest and the stranger, admitted to
my board, seem to have alighted in the

sweet vale of **TEBAALA** luxuriant with vernal blossoms.

76 To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron, worn with fatigue, like a camel doomed to die at her master's tomb, whose vesture is both scanty and ragged.

77 There they crown with meat, while the wintry winds contend with fierce blasts, a dish flowing like a rivulet, into which the famished orphans eagerly plunge.

78 When the nations are assembled, some hero of our tribe, firm in debate, never fails by superior powers to surmount the greatest difficulty.

79 He distributes equal shares : he dispenses justice to the tribes : he is indignant, when their right is diminished ; and, to establish their right, often relinquishes his own.

80 He acts with greatness of mind and with nobleness of heart : he sheds the dew of his liberality on those, who need his assistance : he scatters around his own gains, and precious spoils, the prizes of his valour.

81 He belongs to a tribe whose ancestors have left them a perfect model ; and every tribe, that descends from us, will have patterns of excellence, and objects of imitation.

82 If their succour be asked, they instantly

brace on their helmets, while their lances
and breast-plates glitter like stars.

83 Their actions are not sullied by the rust
of time, or tarnished by disgrace ; for their
virtues are unshaken by any base desires.

84 He hath raised for us a fabrick *of glory*
with a lofty summit, to which all the aged
and all the young men of our tribe aspire.

85 Be content, therefore, with the dispensa-
tions of the Supreme Ruler ; for He, who
best knows our nature, has dispensed justice
among us.

86 When peace has been established by our
tribe, we keep it inviolate ; and He, who
makes it, renders our prosperity complete.

87 Noble are the exertions of our heroes,
when the tribe struggle with hardships ;
they are our leaders in war, and in peace
the deciders of our claims :

88 They are an enlivening spring to their
indigent neighbours, and to the disconsolate
widows, whose year passes heavily away.

89 They are an illustrious race ; although
their enviers may be slow in commending
them, and the malevolent censurer may in-
cline to their foe.

THE
POEM
OF
ANTARA.

VOL. VIII

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem appears to have been a little older than that of ZOHAIK; for it must have been composed *during* the war of DAHIS, which the magnanimity of the two chiefs, extolled by ZOHAIK, *so nobly terminated*. ANTARA, the gallant *Absite*, of whom so much has already been said in the preliminary discourse, distinguished himself very early in the war by his valour in attacking the tribe of DHOBYAN, and boasts in this composition, that he had slain DEMDEM, the father of HOSEIN and of HAREM, whom WARD, the son of HARES, afterwards put to death. An old enmity subsisted, it seems, between our poet and those two young men, who, as ANTARA believed, had calumniated him without provocation; and his chief object in this poem was to blazon his own achievements and exploits, and to denounce implacable resentment against the calumniators, whom his menaces were likely to intimidate: yet so harsh an argument is tempered by a strain in some parts elegiack and amatory; for even this vengeful impetuous warrior found himself obliged to comply with the custom of the ARABIAN poets, *who had left, as he complains, little new imagery for their successors.*

He begins with a pathetick address to the bower of his beloved ABLA, and to the ruins of her deserted mansion: he bewails her sudden departure, the distance of her new abode, and the unhappy variance between their respective clans: he describes his passion and the beauties of his mistress with great energy: thence he passes to his own laborious course of life, contrasted with the voluptuous indolence of the fair, and gives a forcible description of his camel, whom he compares to a male ostrich hastening to visit the eggs, which the female, whose usual neglect of them is mentioned by naturalists, had left in a remote valley. He next expatiates on his various accomplishments and virtues; his mildness to those who treat him kindly, his fierceness to those who injure him; his disregard of wealth, his gaiety, liberality; and above all, his military prowess and spirit of enterprise, on which he triumphantly enlarges through the rest of the poem, except four couplets, in which he alludes obscurely to a certain love-adventure; and, after many animated descriptions of battles and single combats, he concludes with a wish, that he may live to slay the two sons of DEMDEM, and with a bitter exultation on the death of their father, whom *he had left a prey to the wild beasts and the vultures.*

The metre is *iambick*, like that of the poem immediately preceding.

THE
POEM
OF
A N T A R A

1 HAVE the bards, who preceded me,
left any theme unsung? *What, therefore,*
shall be my subject? Love only must supply
my lay. Dost thou then recollect, after long
consideration, the mansion of thy beloved?

2 O bower of ABLA, in the valley of JIWAA,
give me tidings of my love! O bower of
ABLA, may the morning rise on thee with
prosperity and health!

3 There I stopped my camel, large as a
tower, the anguish of my passion having
delayed the accomplishment of my bold en-
terprise,

4 Whilst ABLA was dwelling in JIWAA,
and our tribe *were stationed* in HAZN, and
SAMAAN, and MOTATHALLEM.

5 Hail, dear ruins, with whose possessors I
had old engagements; more dreary and

more desolate *are you become*, after the departure of my beloved OMM ALHEETHAM.

6 She dwells in the land of my foes, like roaring lions: oh! how painful has been my search after thee, fair daughter of MAKHREM.

7 I felt myself attached to her at our first interview, although I had slain her countrymen in battle: I assure thee, by the life of thy father, that of my attachment there can be no doubt.

8 *Thou hast possessed thyself of my heart*; thou hast fixed thy abode in it (imagine not that I delude thee) and art settled there as a beloved and cherished inhabitant.

9 Yet how can I visit *my fair one*, whilst her family have their vernal mansion in ONEIZATAIN, and mine are stationed in GHAILEM?

10 Surely thou hast firmly resolved to depart from me, since the camels of thy tribe are bridled even in so dark a night.

11 Nothing so much alarms me *with a signal of her destined removal*, as my seeing the camels of burden, which belong to her tribe, grazing on KHIMKHIM-berries in the midst of their tents:

12 Among them *are* forty-two milch camels,
dark as the plumes of a coal-black raven.

13 Then, ANTARA, she pierced thee to the
heart with her well-pointed teeth exquisitely
white, the kifs of which is delicious, and
the taste ravishingly sweet :

14 From the mouth of this lovely damsel,
when you kifs her lips, proceeds the fra-
grance of musk, as from the vase of a per-
fumer ;

15 Or like the scent of a blooming bower,
whose plants the gentle rains have kept
in continual verdure, which no filth has
fullied, and to which there has been no
refort :

16 Every morning-cloud, clear of hail, has
drenched it with a plentiful shower, and
has left all the little cavities in the earth
both round and bright as coins of silver :

17 Profusely and copiously it descends ; and
every evening the stream, which nothing
intercepts, gushes rapidly through it.

18 The flies remain in it with incessant buzz-
ing, and their murmurs are like the song
of a man exhilarated with wine :

19 heir sound, when they strike their slen-
der legs against each other, is like the sound
of a flint, from which the sparks are forced

by a man with one arm, intent upon his labour.

20 While thou, *fair* ABLA, recline'st both evening and morning on the lap of a soft couch, I pass whole nights on the back of a dark-coloured horse well caparisoned.

21 My only cushion is the saddle of a charger with firm thick feet, strong sided, and large in the place of his girths.

22 Shall a camel of SHADEN bear me to thy tent, *a camel* far removed from her country, destitute of milk, and separated from the herd?

23 She waves her tail in her playful mood, and proudly moves her body from side to side even at the end of her nightly excursion: she strikes the hills with her quickly-moving and firmly-trampling hoofs.

24 Thus the bird without ears, between whose feet there is but a small space, *the swift ostrich* beats the ground in his evening course:

25 The young ostriches gather themselves around him, as a multitude of black YEMENIAN camels assemble round their Abyssinian *herdman*, who is unable to express himself *in the language of Arabia*.

26 They follow him guided by the loveliness

of his head, which resembles the carriage of travelling damsels, raised on high, and covered like a tent ;

37 His head, *though lofty*, is small ; when he is going to visit the eggs, *which his female left* in DHULASHEIRA, he looks like an *Ethiop* with short ears in a trailing garment of furred hides.

28 My camel drinks the water of DENRAD-HAIN, but starts aside with disdain from the *hostile* rivulets of DAILEM,

29 She turns her right side, as if she were in fear of some large headed screamer of the night,

30 Of a hideous wild cat fixed to her body, who, as often as she bent herself towards him in her wrath, assailed her with his claws and his teeth.

31 I continue all day on the well-cemented tower of her back, strongly raised, and firm as the pillars of him who pitches a tent :

32 When *she rests*, she crouches on the soft bank of RIDAA, and groans through fatigue like the soft sounding reed, which she presses with her weight.

33 Her *sweat* resembles thick rob or tenacious pitch, which the kindled fire causes to bubble in the sides of a cauldron ;

- 34 It gushes from behind her ears, when she boils with rage, exalts in her strength, and struts in her pride, like the stallion of her herd, when his rivals assail him.
- 35 O ABLA, although thou droppest thy veil before me, yet know, that by my agility I have made captive many a knight clad in complete armour.
- 36 Bestow on me the commendation, which thou knowest to be due ; since my nature is gentle and mild, when my rights are not invaded ;
- 37 But, when I am injured, my resentment is firm, and bitter as coloquintida to the taste of the aggressor.
- 38 I quaff, when the noontide heat is abated, old wine purchased with bright and well-stamped coin ;
- 39 I quaff it in a goblet of yellow glass variegated with white streaks, whose companion is a glittering flaggon well secured by its lid from the blasts of the north :
- 40 When I drink it, my wealth is dissipated ; but my fame remains abundant and unimpaired ;
- 41 And, when I return to sobriety, the dew of my liberality continues as fresh as before :

give due honour, therefore, to those qualities, which thou knowest me to possess.

42 Many a consort of a fair one, whose beauty required no ornaments, have I left prostrate on the ground ; and the life-blood has run sounding from his veins, opened by my javelin like the mouth of a camel with a divided lip :

43 With a nimble and double-handed stroke I prevented his attack ; and the stream, that gushed from the penetrating wound, bore the colour of anemonies.

44 Go, ask the warriors, O daughter of MALEÇ, if thou art ignorant of my valour, *ask them* that, which thou knowest not ;

45 *Ask how* I act, when I am constantly fixed to the saddle of an elegant horse, swimming in his course, whom my bold antagonists alternately wound ;

46 Yet sometimes he advances alone to the conflict, and sometimes he stands collected in a multitudinous throng of heroes with strong bows.

47 *Ask*, and whoever has been witness to the combat, will inform thee, that I am impetuous in battle, but regardless of the spoils.

48 Many a warrior, clad in a suit of mail, at whose violent assault the boldest men

have trembled, who neither had saved himself by swift flight nor by abject submission,

49 Has this arm laid prone with a rapid blow from a well-straitened javelin, firm between the knots :

50 Broad were the lips of the wound ; and the noise of the rushing blood called forth the wolves, prowling in the night, and pinched with hunger :

51 With my swift lance did I pierce his coat of mail ; and no warrior, however brave, is secure from its point.

52 I left him, like a sacrificed victim, to the lions of the forest, who feasted on him between the crown of his head and his wrists.

53 Often have I burst the interior folds of a well-wrought habergeon worn by a famed warrior appointed to maintain his post ;

54 Whose hands were brisk in casting lots, when winter demands such recreation ; a man, censured for his disregard of wealth, and for causing the wine-merchant to strike his flag, *by purchasing all his store.*

55 When he saw me descend from my steed, and rush towards him, he grinned with horror, but with no smile of joy.

56 My engagement with him lasted the

whole day, until his head and fingers, covered with clotted gore, appeared to be stained with the juice of IDRLIM.

57 Then I fixed him with my lance: I struck him to the heart with an INDIAN cimeter, the blade of which was of a bright water, and rapid was the stroke it gave:

58 A warrior, whose armour seemed to be braced on a lofty tree; a chief, who, like a king, wore sandals of leather stained with EGYPTIAN thorn; a hero without an equal.

59 O lovely heifer! how sweet a prey was she to a hunter permitted to chafe her! To me she was wholly denied: O would to heaven, that she had not been forbidden me!

60 I sent forth my handmaid, and said to her, "Go, ask tidings inquisitively of my "beloved, and bring me intelligence."

61 She said, "I have seen the hostile guards "negligent of their watch, and the wild "heifer may be smitten by any archer, "who desires to shoot her."

62 Then she turned towards me with the neck of a young roe, well-grown, of an exquisite breed among the gazals of the wood, a roe with a milk-white face.

63 I have been informed of a man ungrateful for my kindness; but ingratitude turns the

mind of a benefactor from any more beneficence.

64 The instructions, which my valiant uncle gave me, I have diligently observed; at the time when the lips are drawn away from the bright teeth,

65 In the struggle of the fight, into whose deepest gulphs the warriors plunge themselves without complaint or murmur.

66 When my tribe have placed me as a shield between them and the hostile spears, I have not ignobly declined the danger, although the place, where I fixed my foot, was too narrow to admit a companion.

67 When I heard the din of MORRA raised in the field, and the sons of RABEIA in the thick dust,

68 * And the shouts of DHOHOL at the moment of assault, when they rush in troops to the conflict with all their sharp-biting lions,

69 When even the mildest of the tribes saw the skirmish under their standards (and Death *spreads havoc* under the standard of the mildest nation),

70 Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull;

71 As soon as I beheld the legions of our
enemies advancing, and animating one an-
other to battle, I too rushed forward, and
acted without reproach.

72 The troops called out ANTARA ! while
javelins, long as the cords of a well, were
forcibly thrust against the chest of my dark
steed.

73 I ceased not to charge the foe with the
neck and breast of my horse, until he was
mantled in blood.

74 My steed, bent aside with the stroke of
the lances in his forehead, complained to
me with gulping tears and tender sobbing:

75 Had he known the art of discourse, he
would have addressed me in a plaintive
strain ; and, had he possessed the faculty of
speech, he would have spoken to me dis-
tinctly.

76 In the midst of the black dust, the horses
were impetuously rushing with disfigured
countenances ; every robust stallion and
every strong-limbed short-haired mare.

77 Then my soul was healed, and all my
anguish was dispersed, by the cry of the
warriours, saying, " Well done, ANTARA ;
" charge again ! "

78 My camels too are obedient to my will,

as often as I desire to kindle the ardour of my heart, and press it on to some arduous enterprise.

79 Yet I fear lest death should seize me, before the adverse turn of war has overtaken the two sons of DEMDEM ;

80 Men, who attacked my reputation, when I had given them no offence, and vowed, when I had never assailed them, to shed my blood ;

81 Yes ! they injured me—but I have left their father, like a victim, to be mangled by the lions of the wood, and by the eagles advanced in years.

THE
P O E M
OF
A M R U

THE ARGUMENT.

THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us very much in the dark on the subject of the two following poems ; but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by AMRU and HARETH at the head of their respective clans, before AMRU the son of NINDA, king of HIRA in *Mesopotamia*, who had assumed the office of mediator between them after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to pre-eminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of NAHAS and of ZAUZENI, the two poems are separated ; and in that of OBAIDALLA, the poem of HARETH is totally omitted ; a remarkable fact, of which I have made some use to a different purpose in the preliminary dissertation. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general turn of AMRU's composition, I should conceive that the king of

HIRA, who, like other tyrants, wished to *make all men just but himself, and to leave all nations free but his own*, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of **TAGLEB**, and to appoint a prefect over them, but that the warlike possessors of the deserts and forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leader and poet to send him defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some **ARABIAN** writers assert, what there is abundant reason to believe, that the above-mentioned king was killed by the author of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, *and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest*; and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate on the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in *Arabick*, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with **TABREIZI**, that the two tribes of **BECR** and **TAGLEB**, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of **COLEIB** the *Taglebite* had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of **HIRA** their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that **AMRU**, the son of **CELTHUM**, prince of

the *Taglebites*, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the *Arabs*, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond all imagination, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of JOSHAM the son of BECR, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any farther exertions of virtue.* He begins with a strain perfectly *Anacreontick*, the elegiack style of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristick of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well found-

ed, that, according to some authors, if MAHOMED had not been born, the *Taglebites* would have appropriated the dominion of all *Arabia*, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

This poem is composed in *copious* verse, or metre of the *fourth* species, according to the following form :

“ Amatores | puellarum | misellos

“ Ocellorum | nitor multos | fefellit.”

But the compound foot *amore furens* is used at pleasure instead of the first epitrite ; as,

“ Venusta puel | la, tarda venis | ad hortum,

“ Parata lyra est, | paratus odor | rosarum.”

THE
POEM
OF
A M R U.

- 1 **HOLLA!**—Awake, sweet damsel, and
bring our morning draught in thy capaci-
ous goblet; nor suffer the rich wines of
ENDEREIN to be longer hoarded;
- 2 Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems
to be tinctured with saffron; and, when
it is diluted with water, overflows the
cup.
- 3 This is the liquor, which diverts the
anxious lover from his passion; and, as
soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly com-
posed:
- 4 Hence thou seest the penurious churl,
when the circling bowl passes him, grow
regardless of his pelf:
- 5 * When its potent flames have seized the
discreetest of our youths, thou wouldst
imagine him to be in a phrensy,

THE POEM OF AMRU.

6. Thou turnest the goblet from us, O mother of AMRU; for the true course of the goblet is to the right hand:
- 7 He is not the least amiable of thy three companions, O mother of AMRU, to whom thou hast not presented the morning bowl.
- 8 * How many a cup have I purchased in BALBEC! how many more in DAMASCUS and KASIREIN!
- 9 Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; since we are destined to death, and death to us.
- 10 O stay awhile, before we separate, thou lovely rider on camels; that we may relate to thee our sorrows, and thou to us thy delights!
- 11 O stay—that we may inquire, whether thou hast altered thy purpose of departing hastily, or whether thou hast wholly deceived thy too confident lover:
- 12 In the hateful day of battle, whilst he struggles amid wounds and blows, may the Ruler of the world refresh thy fight with coolness, and gratify it with every desired object!
- 13 O AMRU, when thou visitest thy fair one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are closed in rest,

THE POEM OF AMRU.

- 14 She displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a long-necked snow-white young camel, that frisks in the vernal season over the sand-banks and green hillocks ;
- 15 And two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those, who presume to touch them :
- 16 She discovers her slender shape, tall and well-proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising with all their attendant charms ;
- 17 * Her hips elegantly swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness ;
- 18 * With two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets making a stridulous sound.
- 19 My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the travelling camels of my fair one driven along in the evening ;
- 20 When the towns of YEMAMA appear in sight, exalted above the plains, and shining like bright sabres in the hands of those, who have unsheathed them.

- 21 *When she departs*, the grief of a she-camel, who seeks her lost foal, and returns despairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguish ;
- 22 Nor that of a widow, with snowy locks, whose mourning never ceases for ~~her~~ nine children, of whom nothing remains, but what the tomb has concealed.
- 23 *Such is our fate!* This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledges in the hand of destiny for events, of which we have no knowledge.
- 24 O son of HINDA, be not precipitate in giving judgment against us : hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information,
- 25 ~~That~~ we lead our standards to battle, *like camels to the pool*, of a white hue, and bring them back stained with blood, in ~~which~~ they have quenched their thirst ;
- 26 That our days of prosperity, in which we ~~have~~ refused to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant.
- 27 Many a chief of his nation, on whom the regal diadem has been placed, the refuge of those who implored his protection,
- 28 Have we left prostrate on the field, while his horses waited by his side, with one of

their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

29 * Often have we fixed our mansions in
DHU THALUH towards the districts of
SYRIA, and have kept at a distance those
who menaced us.

30 *We were so disguised in our armour, that*
the dogs of the tribe snarled at us ; yet we
stripped the branches from every thorny
tree (*every armed warrior*) that opposed
us.

31 When we roll the millstone of war over
a little clan, they are ground to flour in
the first battle ;

32 From the eastern side of NAJD the cloth
of the mill is spread, and whatever we cast
into it soon becomes impalpable powder.

33 You alight on our hills as guests are re-
ceived in their station, and we hasten to
give you a warm reception, lest you should
complain of our backwardness :

34 We invite you to our board, and speedi-
ly prepare for your entertainment a solid
rock, which, before day-break, shall re-
duce you to dust.

35 Surely hatred after hatred has been ma-
nifested by thee, *O hostile chief*, and thy
secret rancour has been revealed ;

36 But we have inherited glory, as the race
of MAAD well knows; we have fought
with valour till our fame has been illustrious :

37 When the falling pillars of our tents
quiver over our furniture, we defend our
neighbours from the impending ruin :

38 We disperse our gifts to our countrymen,
but disdain to share their spoils; and the
burdens, which we bear, we support for
their advantage.

39 When the troops of the foe are at a distance
from us, we dart our javelins; and,
when we close in the combat, we strike
with sharp sabres;

40 Our dark javelins exquisitely wrought
of KHATHAIAN reeds, slender and delicate;
our sabres bright and piercing :

41 With these we cleave in pieces the heads
of our enemies; we mow, we cut down
their necks as with sickles :

42 Then might you imagine the skulls of
heroes on the plain, to be the bales of a
camel thrown on rocky ground.

43 Instead of submitting to them, we crush
their heads; and their terror is such, that
they know not on which side the danger
is to be feared.

44 Our cimeters, whose strokes are furiously interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twisted fashes in the hands of playful children.

45 Their armour and ours, stained reciprocally with our blood, seems to be died or painted with the juice of the crimson syringa-flower.

46 At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehensive of some probable disaster,

47 Then we lead on our troop, like a mountain with a pointed summit; we preserve our reputation, and advance in the foremost ranks,

48 With youth, who consider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes experienced in war :

49 We challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their sons from approaching the mansion of our children.

50 On the day, when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete steel ;

51 But on the day, when we have no such anxiety for them, our legions assemble in full council,

52 Led by a chief among the descendants
of JOSHAM the son of BECR, we bruise
our adversaries, both the weak and the
strong.

53 * Oh! the nations remember not the time,
when we bowed the neck, or ever flagged
in the conflict.

54 Oh! let no people be infatuated and
violent against us; for we will requite their
infatuation, which surpasses the folly of
the most foolish.

55 On what pretence, O AMRU, son of
HINDA, should we be subject to the so-
vereign, whom thou wouldst place over
us?

56 By what pretence, O AMRU, son of
HINDA, dost thou yield to our calumnia-
tors, and treat us with indignity?

57 Thou hast menaced us: thou hast thought
to intimidate us; but gently, O king! say,
when were we ever the vassals of thy mo-
ther!

58 Our javelins, O AMRU, disdain to relax
their vehemence before thee in assailing our
foes:

59 Whenever a man uses force to bend
them, they start back, and become inflexi-
bly rigid,

- 60 So rigid, that, when they return to their former state, they ring with a shrill noise, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.
- 61 Haft thou ever been informed, that JOSHAM, the son of BECR, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiss?
- 62 We have inherited the renown of AL-KAMA, the son of SAIF, who by dint of valour obtained admission for us into the castles of glory.
- 63 We are heirs to MOHALHIL, and to ZOHEIR the flower of his tribe: O of how noble a treasure were they the preservers!
- 64 From ATTAB also and from CELTHUM we have received the inheritance transmitted from their progenitors.
- 65 By DHU'LBORRA, of whose fame thou hast heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect those who seek our aid.
- 66 Before him, the adventurous COLEIB sprung from us: and what species of glory is there, which we have not attained?
- 67 When our antagonists twist against us the cords of battle, either we burst the knot, or rend the necks of our opponents.
- 68 We shall be found the firmest of tribes

in keeping our defensive alliance, and the most faithful in observing the bond of our treaties.

- 69 When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of an excursion, we gave succour more important than the aid of other allies.
- 70 To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in DHU ORATHEI, until our milch-camels of a noble breed were forced to graze on withered herbs.
- 71 We protect with generosity the man who submits to us, but chastise with firmness him, by whom we are insulted.
- 72 We reject the offers of those who have displeased us, but accept the presents of those with whom we are satisfied.
- 73 We succoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave support to the left.
- 74 They made a fierce attack against the legions which opposed them, and we not less fiercely assailed the squadrons by which we were opposed.
- 75 They returned with booty and with rich spoils, and the sons of kings were among our captives.
- 76 To you, O descendants of BECR, to you

we address ourselves: have you not yet learned the truth concerning us?

77 Have you not experienced, with what impetuosity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force they have darted their javelins?

78 We are armed with bright sabres, and clad in habergeons made in YEMEN; our cimeters are part straight, part bent.

79 We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning; the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts:

80 When at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel.

81 The plaits of our hawberks resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course.

82 On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on short-haired steeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we rescued from our foes, after they had been taken.

83 * They rush to the fight, armed with breast-plates of steel; they leave it with their manes disheveled and dusty, and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks.

- 84 We inherited this excellent breed from
our virtuous ancestors, and, on our death,
they will be inherited by our sons.
- 85 All the tribes of MAAD perfectly know,
when their tents are pitched in the well-
watered valleys,
- 86 That we support the distressed in every
barren year; and are bountiful to such as
solicit our bounty;
- 87 * That we defend the oppressed, when
we think it just; and fix our abode in
ARABIA, where we find it convenient;
- 88 That we give succour to those that are
near us, when the bright cimeters make
the eyes of our heroes wink.
- 89 We entertain strangers at our board
whenever we are able; but we hurl de-
struction on those who approach us ho-
stilely.
- 90 We are the tribe who drink water from
the clearest brooks; whilst other clans are
forced to drink it foul and muddy.
- 91 Go, ask the sons of TAMAH and of
DOMIA, how they have found us in the
conflict!
- 92 Behind us come our lovely, our charm-
ing, damsels, whom we guard so vigilant-

ly, that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with disrespect ;

93 Fair maidens descended from JOSHAM,
the son of BECR, who comprise every
species of beauty, both in the opinion of
men and in truth :

94 They have exacted a promise from their
husbands, that, when they engaged with
the hostile legions, distinguished by marks
of valour,

95 They would bring back, as spoils, coats
of mail and cimeters, and captives led
chained in pairs.

96 * Thou mayst behold us falling forth
into the open plain, whilst every other
tribe seeks auxiliaries through fear of our
prowess.

97 When our damsels are on foot, they
walk with graceful motions, and wave
their bodies like those of libertines heated
with wine.

98 They feed with their fair hands our
coursers of noble birth, and say to us,
“ You are no husbands of ours, unless you
“ protect us from the foe.”

99 Yes ; if we defend not them, we retain
no possessions of value after their loss, nor
do we think even life desirable :

100 But ~~nothing~~ can afford our sweet maids
so pure a protection as the strokes of our
fabres, which make mens' arms fly off like
the clashing wands of playful boys.

101 * We seem, when our drawn cimeters
are displayed, to protect all mankind, as
fathers protect their children.

102 * Our heroes roll the heads of their
enemies, as the strong well-made youths
roll their balls in the smooth vale.

103 This world is ours, and all that ap-
pears on the face of it; and when we do
attack, we attack with irresistible force.

104 When a tyrant oppresses and insults a
nation, we disdain to degrade ourselves by
submitting to his will.

105 We have been called injurious, al-
though we have injured no man; but, if
they persist in calumniating us, we will
show the vehemence of our anger.

106 As soon as a child of our tribe is
weaned from his mother, the loftiest chiefs
of other clans bend the knee, and pay him
homage.

107 We force our enemies to taste the un-
mixed draught of death; and heavy is the
overthrow of our adversaries in battle.

108 We fill the earth with our tents, until
it becomes too narrow to contain them;
and cover the surface of the ocean with
our ships.

THE
POEM
OF
HARETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN AMRU had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of TAGLEB, and had received the loud applause of his own party, HARETH arose; and pronounced the following poem, or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authors, without any meditation, but which, as others assert with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe ASMAI, the poet was considerably above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, *he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabian orators, he leaned, while he was speaking.*

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man, from whom he was asking a favourable judgement. HARETH, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the

queen, whose name was **ASOMA**, and who heard him behind the tapistry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, **HINDA**, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and, he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts, which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of **BEER** for the many calamities which the **TAGLEBITES** had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, or poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the **BECRITES**, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet **AMRU** from the style of his eloquence, as **CÆSAR** first discovered the impetuous vehemence of **BRUTUS**'s temper from his speech, delivered at *Nice*,

in favour of king *Deiotarus* ; but neither the *Arabian* nor the *Roman* tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men, whom they had irritated even to fury.

This poem is composed in *light* verse, or metre of the *eleventh* class, consisting of epitrites, ionick feet, and pæons, variously intermixed, as in this form :

“ Amarylli, | dulci lyrâ | modulare
 “ Mølle carmen | sub arbore | fusa sacrâ.”

Sometimes a molossus ends the distich, as,

“ Dulce carmen | sub arbore | fusa sacrâ
 “ Modulare, | dum sylvulæ | respondent.”

The close of a couplet in this measure has often the cadence of a *Latin* or *Greek* hexameter : thus, v. 20.

Tis-háli kháilin khilála dháca rogáo.

That is, literally,

Hinnitús modulantur equi, fremitúsque cameli.

THE
P O E M
OF
H A R E T H.

- 1 DOTH fair ASOMA give us notice of
her departure? Oh, why are sojourners so
frequently weary of their sojourning!
- 2 *She is resolved to depart* after our mutual
vows among the sandy hillocks of SHAM-
MA, and in the nearer station of KHALSA;
- 3 *Vows, repeated in* MOHAYAT, SIFAH,
and AGLAI, in DHU FITAK, ADHIB and
WAFa,
- 4 *Vows, renewed in* the bowers of KATHA,
and the dales of SHOREIB, in the Two
Valleys, and in the plains of AYLA.
- 5 I see no remains of the troth which she
plighted in those stations; and I waste the
day in tears, frantick with grief: but oh!
what part of my happiness will tears re-
store?

6 Yet, O HARETH, *a new passion invites thee* ; for HINDA is before thy eyes, and the fire, which she kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode :

7 She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly stations of AKEIK and SHAKHSEIN, and it blazes like the splendour of the sun.

8 I have been contemplating her fire from a distance on the hill, whence our excursions are made ; but oh ! the scorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her.

9 But I seek assistance in dispelling my care, when the sojourner of the tent hastily leaves his abode *through fear of some impending calamity*,

10 On a camel swift as an ostrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the desert,

11 Who hears a soft sound, and dreads the approach of the hunter, in the afternoon just before the dusk of evening :

12 Then mayst thou see behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which she strikes the earth, a cloud of dust thin as the gossamer ;

13 And the traces of her hoofs, which are

such as to be soon effaced by the winds
blowing over the sandy plain.

14 With her I disport myself in the sultry
noon, whilst every son of valour is like a
blind camel devoted to death.

15 Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have
brought on us affairs, which give us af-
fliction and anguish ;

16 For our brethren, the family of ARA-
KEM, *the dragon-eyed*, have transgressed
the bounds of justice against us, and have
been vehement in their invectives :

17 They have confounded the blameless
among us with the guilty, and the most
perfect innocence has not escaped their
censure.

18 They have insisted, that all, who pitch
their tents in the desert, are our associates,
and that we are involved in their offences.

19 They assembled their forces at night,
and, as soon as the dawn appeared, there
was nothing heard among them but a
tumultuous noise

20 Of those who called, and those who
answered ; the neighing of horses, and,
among the rest, the lowing of camels.

21 O thou, who adornest thy flowery

speeches concerning us before AMRU, can this falsehood be long undetected?

22 Imagine not that thy instigation will animate him against us, or humiliate us; since long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us,

23 Yet we continued advancing ourselves in defiance of their hate, with laudable self-sufficiency and exalted reputation.

24 Before this day the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved by envious indignation and obstinate resentment.

25 Fortune seemed to raise for us a dark rock, with a pointed summit, dispelling the clouds,

26 Thick and firm, secured from calamity, not to be weakened by any disaster however grievous and violent.

27 * Intrust to our wisdom every momentous affair, from which you desire to be extricated, and by which the assemblies of chiefs are made unhappy.

28 * If you inquire concerning our wars between MILAHA and DHAKIB, you will find on their plains many an unavenged, and many an avenged, corpse:

29 * Or, if you examine diligently the questions, in which all tribes are deeply interested, you will see the difference between your offences and our innocence :

30 * But if you decline *this fair discussion*, we shall turn from you with resentment, concealing hatred in our bosoms as the mote is concealed in the closed eye-lids.

31 * Reject, if you please, the terms which we offer ; but of whom have you heard, that surpasses us in glory ?

32 * You have perfectly known us on the days, when the warriors have assailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raised a tumultuous din ;

33 * When we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of BAHREIN, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plain of HISA.

34 Then we advanced against the sons of TAMEIM, and, when the sacred month required a cessation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

35 *In opposition to us*, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did precipitate flight avail the faint-hearted.

36 No ; the coward, who ran hastily from the plain, was not saved by the summit of rocks or the roughness of craggy paths.

37 By these exertions we maintained our pre-eminence over the tribes, until MONDIR, son of the beautiful MAISEMA, obtained the dominion :

38 He was a prince, who bore witness to our valour on the day of HAYARAIN, when the calamity of war was, in truth, a calamity :

39 A prince who subjected nations ; whose equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

40 Desist then from vaunting and from hostility : you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims, but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your wo.

41 Remember well the oaths taken in DHU'LMEJAAZ, the covenants and vows of amity, which were made there of old.

42 Beware of injustice and violence ; nor let your intemperate passions impel you to violate your contracts written on tablets.

43 Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our respective engagements.

44 Are we responsible for the crimes of

CANDA ? Shall their conquering chief have
the spoils, and shall reprisals be made upon
us ?

45 Are we responsible for the excesses of
HANEIFA, and for all the conflicts, which
the dusty plain has seen accumulated ?

46 Must we answer for the offences of the
sons of ATEIK ? No : whoever has broken
his covenant, we are innocent of their
war.

47 Doth the guilt of IBAAD hang on our
heads, as the burden is suspended on the
centre of the camel's girths ?

48 Has the blame due to KODHAA fallen
upon us ? or, rather, are we not secure
from a single drop of their faults ?

49 Are we responsible for the crimes of
IYAAD, as it was said to the tribe of
THASM, " Your brethren are rebels ? "

50 Those, who raised the dissension, belong
not to us, neither KAIS, nor JONDAL, nor
HADDA.

51 Vain prettexts ! Unjust aspersions ! *That*
we should suffer for others, as the roe is
sacrificed in the place of the sheep !

52 Fourscore warriors, indeed, advanced
from TAMEIM, and their hands carried
lances, whose points were Fate ;

53 Yet, they ~~pretended~~ not the narrowed places of the sons of RIZAAH on the hills of NITAA, when they called on them for mercy :

54 They left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive herds and flocks so numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries.

55 The vanquished tribe came afterwards to implore restitution, but not a single beast, either black or of a bright hue, was restored to them :

56 So they retired with heart-breaking afflictions, nor could any stream of water quench their ardent rage :

57 After this, a troop of horsemen, led by the impetuous GHALLAAK, assailed them without remorse or pity :

58 Full many a son of TAGLEB has been smitten, whose blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black dust covered his corse.

59 Are your cares comparable to those of our tribe, when MONDIR waged war against them? Are we, *like you*, become subject to the son of HINDA ?

60 When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of MAISUNA, and sojourned in the nearer station of KHALTHA,

- 61 From every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles:
- 62 He led them on, and supplied them with dates and with water: so the will of GOD was accomplished, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.
- 63 Then you invited them to attack you by your want of circumspection, and the vain security of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hostile.
- 64 They surprised you not, indeed, by a sudden assault; but *they advanced, and the* sultry vapour of noon, *through which you saw them,* increased their magnitude.
- 65 O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveighest against us before king AMRU, will there be no end of thy unjust invectives?
- 66 Between AMRU and us many acts of amity have passed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit arisen.
- 67 He is a just prince, and the most accomplished that walks the earth: all praise is below his merit:
- 68 A prince descended from IREM! A warrior, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of genii, for he protects his

domain, and refuses to punish even his opponents :

69 A monarch, who knows us by three infallible signs, by each of which our excellence is decided :

70 *The first* is the conspicuous token of our valour, when all ARABIA come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of MAAD under their banner,

71 And assembled, in complete armour, round the warlike KAIS, that valiant prince of YEMEN, who stood *firm and brilliant* like a white cliff.

72 Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could restrain but our long and glittering spears ;

73 But we repelled them with strokes, *which made their blood gush from their sides*, as the water streams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it.

74 We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of THAHLAAN ; we thrust them before us, till the muscles of their thighs were breeched in gore,

75 We did with them a deed, the name of which GOD only knows ; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who fought their own fate,

- 76 Next advanced HOJAR, son of OMM
KATHAAM, with an army of PERSIANS,
clad in discoloured brags,
- 77 A lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue,
trampling on his prey ; but a vernal season
of beneficence in every barren year :
- 78 Yet we smote them on the foreheads
with the edges of our cimeters, which quivered
in their flesh like buckets drawn from
a deep well encircled with stone.
- 79 *Secondly*, we broke the chains of AM-
RIOLKAIS, after his long imprisonment
and anguish.
- 80 We forcibly revenged the death of
MONDIR on the king of GASSAAN, that
his blood might not flow in vain.
- 81 We redeemed our captives with nine
kings of illustrious race, whose spoils were
exceedingly precious.
- 82 With the horses, with the dark horses,
of the sons of AUS came whole squadrons,
fierce as eagles with crooked beaks :
- 83 We scarce had passed through the cloud
of dust, when they turned their backs ; and
then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our
vengeance !
- 84 *Lastly*, we gave birth to AMRU the son
of OMM AYAAS, for not long ago were

the bridal gifts presented to us *as kinsmen* :

85 May our faithful admonition reach all
our kindred tribes, extended as wide as our
consanguinity, in plains beyond plains !

وَجِيْدٌ كَجِيْدٍ لِرَّيْمٍ لَيْسَ بِقَاحِشٍ
إِذَا مَيَّ نَصَتْهُ وَلَا يَجْعَلُ

مَجِيْلًا لِقَنُو وَالْقَلْبِي لَا يَبْغِضُ إِلَّا لَصِ الْبِهَاضِ شَبَه
لِقَنُو الظُّبِيَّةِ وَنَصَتْهُ دَفَعَتْهُ وَالْمَعْطَلُ الَّذِي لَا
حُلَّ عَلَيْهِ وَهَبْلُهُ لِمَعْدَلٍ وَقَوْلُهُ لَيْسَ بِقَاحِشٍ لَيْ
لَيْسَ بِكَبِيرِ الْمَنْظَرِ وَإِذَا ظَلَمَ لِقَوْلِهِ لَيْسَ بِبَاحِشٍ
وَقَوْلُهُ يَزِيْرُ الْمَتْنِ أَسْوَدَ قَاحِدٍ
أَيْثُ كَفَيْزُ الشُّكْلَةِ الْمَتَعَكِلِ

الْفَرْعُ الشَّعْرُ الثَّامِ وَالْمَتْنُ وَالْمَتْنَةُ مَا عَنِ عَيْنِ
الْصَلْبِ وَشِمَالُهُ مِنَ الْعَصَبِ وَاللَّحْمِ وَالْفَاحِشُ الشَّدِيدُ
السَّوَادُ وَابْتِثَ كَثِيرُ أَصْلِ الْبِنَاءِ وَالْقَنُودُ وَالْقَنُودُ لِقَنُهَا
الْعَدَقُ وَهُوَ الشَّرَافُ وَالْمَتَعَكِلُ الَّذِي قَدْ دَخَلَ بَعْضُهُ
فِي بَعْضٍ لِكَثْرَتِهِ مِنَ الْعَشْكَالِ وَالشُّكُوْلِ وَهُوَ الشُّمْرَاخُ
وَقَبْلُ الْمَتَعَكِلِ هُوَ الْمَتَدَلُّ الْبَازِلُ إِلَى الْخُتِّ فَالْـ
عَدَايَرُهَا سَتَشْرَدَاتٌ إِلَى الْمَتْنِ

تَقُلُّ الْبِقَاصُ فِي مُتْنٍ وَمُرْسِلٍ
الْعَدَايَرُ الذَّوَابِبُ وَاحِدُهَا عَدَبْرٌ وَسَتَشْرَدَاتٌ ذَوْرَعَا
وَاصِلُ الشُّرْدِ الْفُتْلُ عَلَى غَيْرِجِهَةٍ لِكَثْرَتِهَا وَقَوْلُهُ إِلَى
السَّلَاحِ مَا فَوْقَهَا وَالْفَنَامُ جَمْعُ عَقَصَةٍ وَهُوَ مَا جَمَعَ
الشُّعْرَ فَيُقَالُ خُتُّ الذَّوَابِبِ وَهِيَ سُلْطَةٌ مَعْرُوفَةٌ بِهَرَلِهَا
فِيهَا عَصَا الشُّعْرِ وَيُقَالُ لِبَعْضِهِ فَالَّذِي قَبْلَ بَعْضِهِ

وَجِيءَ كَيْدًا لِرَجْمِ لَيْسَ بِقَاجٍ
أَذَاهُ نَصَتْ وَلَا يَعْطَلُ

كجاء الفؤ والنبل لا يهين لخالص البياض شبه
نقطة الظية ونض، بفسه واحد ظل الذي لا
حلي عليه وشله نصل وزا لسرفا سري
ليس كبره المنظر راد اط لقواه ليس بنا حشر
و فرح بيزر المين أسد دق

آيتم كغير التحلة المتعكلا
العرع السر اللام والمز ولتنة هاعر يمين
الصلد وثالاه من المعص واللحم والعاصم الجديد
مواد واثت كثير اصل النوار والعرد والقد وثا
العدو وهو الشراع والمتككل الذي يدخل بعضه
في بعض كثرته من العتكال والسكول وهو الشراخ
وجا المتعكك هو المتدلي النازل إلى الخندق
غذاها ستنير ذات السور

نزل البعاص في متى زمرها
النباير الذوايب واحد هاعد بزم وسنسر ذات فوفا
والسند السد على غير جهة لكثرتها وقوله إلى
اللاي ما زفها والنام جمع عفسة وهو ساحن
السوف فعل تحت الذوايب وهي سطة صاعدة بهرلها
فيها بعض السور ويمنه بعضه فالذي قبل بعض

ORIGINALS.

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A M R I O L K A I S I

ALCENDIYYO.

I

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ðifikthí álliwaí baína áldahhúli fahhaúmeli

2

fatúdh'ihha fálmikráhí lam yâfo refinohá
limá nafijat-há min jenúbin' washemáli

3

wokúfán' bihá s'ahhbeí âlayyi mathíyyahom
yekúlúna lá tahlic áfyan' watehhammali

4

wa ñna shifáyi âbrah'on' moharákah'on'
fahal înda refmin' dârifin' min moâwwali

5

cadábica min ómni álhhowaírithi kablahá
wajáratihá ómmi álrabábi bimáfali

6

ídhá kámatá tadh'awwaâ álmifco minhomá
naseíma ál febá jaát birayyá álkaranfoli

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fafádh'at domúô álâini minneí s'abábah'an'
 álái álnahhri hhattái balla demâeí mihhmeli

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álá rubba yaúmin' leca minhonna s'álahhin'
 welá fiyyamá yaúmon' bidáratí juljuli

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wayaúma âkarto lilâdháraí mathíyyateí
 fayá âjabá min cúrihá álmotahhammali

10

fadh'alla álâdháraí yertameína bilahhmihá
 wafhahhmin' cahodábi áldimekfi álmofoftali

11

wayaúma dakhalta álkhidra khidra ônaízah'in'
 fakálat leca álwaílato ínnaca murjali

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tekúlo wakat mála álgabeito biná maâán'
 âkarta baêíreí yá ámri álkaífi fánzeli

13

fakolto lehá feíreí waárkheí zimámaho
 walá tobâdeíneí ân jenáci álmoállali

14

famithlici hhoblaí kad tháarakto wamurdh'iín'
 faálhaítohá ân dheí temáyima mohhwili

15

ídhá má becaí min khalfhá íns'araft leho
 bífhikkin' watahhteí fhikkohá lam yohhawwali

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wayaúmán' álaí dh'ahri álcatheíbi taâdhharat
álayyi waálat hhilfah'an' lam tohhallali

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áfáthíma mahlán bâdh'a hadhá áltedallali
waín conti kad ázmâti s'ormaeí fájmili

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fafolleí thiyábeí min thiyábici tenfali

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ágarraci minneí áнна hhubbaci kátileí
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wabaídhah'o khidrin lá yorámo khib'rwohá
temattâto min lehwin' bihá ghaíra môjali

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tejáwazto áhhrásán' ilaíhá wamâfherán'
álayyi hhirás'án' laú yofirrúna maktalei

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ídhá má álthurayyá feí álfemáï·taârradh'at
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ledaí álfiri illá libfati álmorafadh'ah

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wamá ín áraí âncá álgawáyah'a tanjaleí

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fakomto bihá ámsheí tajorro waraána
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falemmá ájazná fáhhah'a álhayyi wántahheí
biná bath'no khabtín' dheí kifáfin' ákankali

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has'arto bifaúdaí rálihá fatamáyalat
âlayyi hadh'eíma álcash-hhi rayyá álmokhalkhali

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mohafhafahon' baídh'áo ghaíro mofádh'ahín
teráíbohá maskúlah'on' cálfajanjali

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tas'uddo watobdeí ân áfeílin' watetakéi
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ídhá heía nas's'at-ho welá bimoáth th'ali

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ídhá má álbacarrat baína dirin' wamijwali

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ídhá jásha feíhi hhamyoho galyo mirjali

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faanzala minho álôs'ma min culli menzili

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caínna álsibáâ feíhi gharkaí âshiyah'an'
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K Á L A

T H A R A F A H O N

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likhaúlah'a áth'álon' biborkah'a thahmedi
telúhho cabákei álwashmi fei dh'áhiri ályedi

2

wokúfán' bihá s'ahhbei álayyi math'iyyihom
yekúlúna lá tahlic áfyan' watejalledi

3

caï'nna hhodúja álmáleciyyah'i gudwah'an'
khaláyá fefeínin' biálnawás'afi min dedi

4

âdhúliyah'in' áú min fefeíni íbni yáminin'
yejúro bihá álmelláhho th'úrán' wayahtedi

5

yashokka hhabába álmái hhaízúmohá bihá
camá kafama áltorba álmofáwilo biályedi

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wafei álhhayyi áhhwaí yanfodho álmerda
fhádinon'
medh'áhiro semth'ai lúlúin' wazabarjedi

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khadhúlin' torá'ei rebrebán' bikhameílaih'in'
tonáwilo áth'ráfa álberéiri watertedi

8

watabfimo án álmaí caí'na monawwerán'
takhallala hharra álremli dís'on' leho nedi

9

sakat-ho iyáh'o álshemfi illá lothátihi
áfiffa walam tacadmi álaíhi biáthmedi

10

wawejhin' caí'na álshemfa hhallat ridáahá
álaíhi nikeí állaúni lam yatakhaddedi

11

waí'neí leámdh'ei álhomma înda áhhtidh'árihi
biâújái mirkálin' terúhho watagtedi

12

ámúnin' cálwáhhi álárani nefátohá
álaí láhhibin' caí'nnaho dh'ahra borjedi

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tobárei ítákán' nájiyátin' waátbaât
wadh'eífán' wadh'eífán' faúka maúrin' moâbbedi

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terábbaâta álkoffáini biálshúli terta'ei
hhadáyika maúlei áláfirrahí ághyedi

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tereíô ilaí s'úti álmoheíbi watetakeí
bidnei khos'alin' rúâata áclafi mulbedi

16

caí' nna jonáhhaí madh'rajiyyi tecanafá
khafáfeíhi shuccá feí álâfeíbi bimafredi

17

fath'úrán' bihi khalfa álzemeíli watáratán
âlaí khashafin' cáshinna' záwin' mojjadedi

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lehá fakhadáni ácmola álnahdh'o feíhomá
caí' nnahomá babá meneífin' momarredi

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watháyyi mehhálin' cálhoniyyi khalúfoh'o
waájronah'in' lozzat bidáyin' monadh'dh'edi

20

caí' nna cináfaí dh'álah'in' yacnofánihá
waáth'ra kifíyyán' tahhta s'olbin' mowayyedi

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lehá mirfakáni áftilláni caí' nnamá
temorro bifelmaí dálijin' motafhaddedi

22

cakanth'arih'a álrúmiyyi ákfama rabbohá
letoctanafá hhattaí tolháda bikermedi

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s'ohábiyyah'i álâthnúna mújedah'o álkerai
baáidah'o wakhdi álrjli mawwárah'o ályedi

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ómirrat yedáhá fatlo shezrin' waájnihhat
lehá ádh odáhá feí takeífin' mofannedi

25'

jenúhhon' difákon' ândelon' thomma ófrigat
 lehá citafáhá feí maâáliyo mosââadi

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caï'nna ôlúbi álnisî feí daáyátihá
 mawárida min khalkái feí dh'ahri kerededi

27

tolákeí waáhhyánán' tebeíno caï'nnahá
 benáyiko gorrin' feí kameífin mokaddedi

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waátlaô nehádh'on' ídhá s'aâdat bihi
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waâínáni cáлмаáwwitaíni áftacannatá
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th'ahhúráno áwári álkadhaí fateráhomá
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terúhho álainá baína bordin' wamojfedí

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bijaffi álnedámá badh dh'ah'o álmotajarredi

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walá áhli hadháca álth'iráfi álmomaddedí

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waán ásh-hadi álladhdhāti hal ánta mukhledi

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wajaddica lam áhhfal metaí káma ôwwadeí

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comeítin' metaí má taglo biálmái tezbedi

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caseídi álgadh'á nebbahtoho álmotawwarredi

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bibehnecah'in' tahhta álth'iráfi álmoâmmedi

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álai ôshorin' áu khirwaín' lam yokhadh'dh'edi

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ákeílah'a máli álfáhhihi álmotashdadedí

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metaí ádno minho yaná áneí wayabôdi

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camá lámaneí feí álhhayyi kertho ábno úâbedí

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cái' nna wadh'ânáho ílaí remfi mulhhedi

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nashadto falam ágfal hhamúlaha mâbedi

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metaí yeco ámron' lilneceíbah'i áfh-hedi

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waí'n ódâ liljollaí ákun min hhomátihá
waí'n yática áláâdáo biáljehdi ájhedi

75

waín yakdhífúá biálkadhî îrdh'ica áfkihom
bicáfi hhiyádh'i álmaúti kabla áltahaddodi

76

bilá hhadathin' áhhdathtoho wacamohhdithin'
hijáeí wakadhfeí biálfhicáh'i wamuth'redeí

77

falaú caná maúláya ímrán' huwa gaíroho
lefarraja carbeí áú leándh'araneí gadeí

78

walecinna maúláya ímron' huwa khánikeí
âlaí álfhecri wáltifáli áú áná muftedi

79

wadh'olmo 'dhaweí' álkorbaí áfháddo mad-
h'adh'atan'
âlaí álmera min wakî álhhiáfami álmohennedi

80

fadherneí wakholkeí innaneí leca fháciron'
walaú hhalla baíti náyián' înda dh'argedí

81

falaú fháa rabbeí conto kaífa íbna khálidin'
walaú fháa rabbeí conto âmru íbna merthedi

82

faólfeíta dhá málin' catheírin' waâádaneí
benúna cirámin' fádah'on' limafawwedi

83

áná álrjolo áldh'arbi álladheí târifúnaho
khásháfhon' caráfi álhhayyah'i álmotawakkidi

84

faálaito lá yanfacco cash-hheí beth'ánah'an'
liâdhbi rakeíki álfhafrataini mohennedi

85

hhifámon' ídhá má kumta muntas'irán' bihi
cafaí álûúdo minho álbada laífa bimâdh'edi

86*

ákheí thikah'in' lá yanthineí ân dh'areibah'in'
ídhá keíla mahlán' kála hhájizoho kadeí

87

ídhá ábtadara álkaúmo álfóláhha wajadtaneí
meneíâán ídhá ballat bikáyimah'in' yedi

88

waberco hojúdin' kad áthárat mekháfateí
nawádiyahá ámsheí biâdh'bin' mojarredi

89

famarrat coháh'on' dháto khaífin' jelálah'an'
âkeilah'o shaíkhin' cálwabeili yelendedi

90

yekúlo wakat tarra álwadh"eifi wafákahá
álefta teraí ún kad áteito hiinaeyidi

91

wakála álá má dhá terúna biſháribin'
ſhedeidin' âlaíná nefyoho motaâmmédi

92

fakálúá dherúho ínnamá nefôhá leho
waíllá tereddúá kás'iya álburci yezdedi

93

fadh'halla álámáo yemtelilna hhuwárahá
wayafái âlaíná biálfadeífi álmofarhedi

94

fai'n mutto fániċineí bimá úná áhloho
washakkeí âlayyi áljaíba yá bneh'a mábedi

95

walá tajâleíneí caímraí laífa hammoho
cihammeí walá yogneí gináyeí wamaſh-hedi

96

bathiyan' âni áljollaí fereíin ílaí álkhaná
dheleílin' biájmái álríjáli moleh-hedi

97

falaú conto waglán' feí álríjáli ledh'arraneí
âdâwah'i dheí álás hhábi wálmotawahhedi

98

walacin nafaí âneí âlrijála jerátaeí
âlaíhim waíkdámeí wasídkeí wamahhtedi

99

liâmrica má âmreí âlayyi bigummah'in'
niháreí walá laíleí âlayyi bifermedi

100

wayaúma hhabasto âlnaffa înda ââtirácihá
hhifádh"ân âlaí âúrâtihi wâltecheddodi

101

âlaí maúth'inin' yekhshai álfetaí îndaho âlradaí
metaí tâtaric minho âlferáyis'o tarêdi

102

waás'fara madh'búhhin' nedh"arto hhawárahó
âlaí âlnári wástaúdâtoho caffá mujmedi

103

fetobdeí leca álayyámo má conto jáhilán'
wayáteíca biálákhbári men lam tozawwedi

K Á L A

Z O H A Í R O Ñ

ALMÁZENIYYO.

I

ámin ómmi áúfeí dimnah'on' lam tecellami
bihhaúmánáti álderráji fálmotathellami

2

diyáron' lehá biálrakmateíni caínnahá
merájeiô washmin' feí nawáshiri mîfami

3

bihá álêíno wálarámo yomsheína khilfah'an'
waíth'láohá yanhadh'na min culli mejthami

4

wakafto bihá min bàdi îfhreína hhijah'an'
faláyán' ârafto áldára bâda tawah-homi

5

átháfeía fofâán feí moârrafi morjilin'
wanúyán' cajedh'mi álhhaúdh'i lam yatathallami

6

falemmá ârafto áldára kolto lirabîhá
álá nâm sébáhhán' áyyohá álrabâ wáflami

7

tebas's'er khaleíleí hal teraí min dh''ááyinin'
tahhammalna biálôlyái min faúki jorthami

8

jaálna álkinána ân yemeínin' wahhaznaho
wacam biálkináni min mohhillin wamohhrimi

9

waâalaína ánmálán' ítákán' wacallah'on'
wiráda álhawáfheí laúnoha laúno ândami

10

dh''eherna mina álfáúbáni thomma jazánaho
âlaí culli kaíniyyin' kasheíbin wamofámi

11

wawaracna feí álfáúbáni yálúna matnaho
âlaíhinna dulla álnâîmi álmotanâîmi

12

caí'na fotáto álihni feí culli menzili
nazalna bihi hhabbo álfená lam yohhath'th'ami

13

bacarna becúrán' waáftakherna bifohhrah'in'
fahonna wawádeí álraffi cályaddi lilfami

14

falemmá waradna álmáa zurk á jomámah'an'
wadh'ána îsíyya álhhadh'iri álmotakhayyimi

15

wafeíhinna molhiyan' lillath'eífi wamendh''eron
âneikon' liâîni álnádh''iri álmotawaffimi

16

faâeí fáîyán' gáidh"o bno murrah'a bâdamá
tabazzala má baína álâsheírah'i biáldemi

17

faákfamto biálbáiti álladhí th'áfa hhaúlaho
rijálon' benúho min koraíshin' wajorhami

18

yameínán' linâma álfayyadáni wajidtomá
âlaí culli hhálin' min fahheílin wamobrami

19

tedáreçtomà âbfán' wadhobyána bâdamá
tefánúá wadakkûá baínahom îth'ra miníhami

20

wakad kultomá án nodrica álfalma wáfîâán'
bimálin' wamârúfin' mina álkaúli neffami

21

faás'bahhtomá minhá âlaí khaií maúth'inin'
baêidaína minhá min ôkúkin' wamáthami

22

âdh"eímaína feí âlyá maâddin' hodeítomá
wamin yaftabihh cenzán' mina álmajdi yôdh"ami

23

waásbahha yohhdeí feíhomo min tiládicom
magánimo shatteí min ífálin' mozannami

24

toâffaí álcolúmo biálmáeíni faás'bahhat
yonajjimohá men laífa feíhá bimojrimi

25

yonajjimohá kaúmon' likaúmin' garámah'an'
walam yohareíkúá baínahom milá mihhjami

26

álá ábligí áláhláfa ânnéí rifalah'an'
wadhobyána hal ákfamtomo culli mokfami

27

felá. teçtomna állaha má feí nofúficom
liyakhfai wamahmá yoñima állaho yâلامي

28

yowakhkher fayúdhâ feí citábin' fayoddokher
liyaúmi alhhifábin' áú yaâjjal fayonkami

29

wamá álhharbo íllá má âlimtom wadhoktomúá
wamá húa ânhá biálhhadeíthi álmorajjami

30

mataí tebâthúhá tebâthúhá dhameímahan'
watadh'rí ídhá ádh'raítomúhá fatodh'rami

31

fatâriccomo ârca álrahhá bithifáliha
watolkíhh cisháfán' thomma tontij fatotyami

32

fatontij lecom gilmána áfháma cullahom
caáhhmera âádin thomma tordh'î fatofth'ami

33

fatogill lecom má lá togillo liáhlíhá
koryán biálíráki min kafeízin' wadirhemi

34

lehhayyin' hhelálin' yâs'imo álnáfi ámrahom
ídhá th'arakat íhhdái álliyáli bimôdh"ami

35

cirámon' falá dhú áldh'igni yodricho teblaho
ledaíhim walá áljáneí âlaíhim bimoflemi

36

raûúá má raûúá min dh"amyihim thomma
áúradúá
gimárán' toferrái biálfeláhhi wabiáldemi

37

fakadh'dh'úa menáyá baínihim thomma ás'derúa
ílaí caláin' mostúbílin' motawakhkhami

38

leâmri lenîma álhayya jerra âlaíhomo
bimá lá yuwáteíhim hhos'aíno íbno dh'emdh'emi

39

wacána tháwaí cish-hhán' âlaí mostacinnah'in'
felá húa ábdáhá walam yatakaddami

40

wakála faákdheí hhájati thomma átaki
ádúyyi biálfín' min warayyi molajjami

41

fashadda walam yofzô boyútán' catheírah'an'
ledaí hhaíto álkat rahhlahá ómmo kâfhami

42

ladaí áfadin sháceí álfiláhha mokádhifin'
leho libadon ádh"fároho lam tokallami

43

jerryyin' mataí yodh'lam yoáákib bidh'olmihi
fereíâán' waíllá yobda biáldh'olmi yadh'lami

44

leâmraca má jarrat álaíhim rimáhhohom
demo íbno neheícín' áú kateíli álmothallami

45

walá sháracat feí álhharbi feí demi naúfelín'
walá wahabin' minhá walá íbni álmojadhdhami

46

wacullán' áráhom ás'bahhúá yâkilúnaho
s'ahheíhháni málin' th'áliâátín' mokharremi

47

wamen yâs'í álh'ráfa álzizáji faínnoho
moth'eiô álâwáleí roccibat culla lahzemi

48

wamen yúfa lá yodhmo wamen yahdi kalbaho
ílaí moth'maeíni álbirri lá yatajamjami

49

wamen hába áfbába álmenáya yanalaho
waláú ráma ín yermaí álfemaí bifollami

50

wamen yeco dhá fadhlin' fayabkhal bifadh'lihi
álaí kaúmihi yoftagna ânho wayodhmami

51

wamen lá yazal yestarrhili álnáfa naffaho
walá yâfihá yaúmán' mina áldhulli yandami

52

wamen yagtarib yahhsib áduwwán' s'adeíkaho
wamen lá yocarrim naffaho lá yacorrani

53

wamen lá yadhud ân hhaúdh'íhi bifiláhhihi
yohaddem wamen lá yadh'limi álnáfa yodh'lami

54

wamen lá yos'ánî feí ómúrin' catheírah'in'
yodh'arras biányábin' wayúth'á biminfami

55

wamen yejâli álmârúfa men dúni îrdh'íhi
yafirho wamen lá yattakeí álshatma yoshtami

56

faímto tecáleífa álhhayáti wamen yaísh
themáneína hhaúlán' lá ábán' leca yefámi

57

ráyato álmenáyá khabth'a áshwáa men tos'ib
tomit-ho wamen tahhdh'eí yoámmar fayahrami

58

wamahmá yecun înda ámriyin' min khaleikah'in'
wáin khálahá takhfeí âlai álnáfi tólami

59

waáálammo má feí ályaúmi wálámfi kablaho
walecinnan'ei ân îlmi má feí gadin' ámi

K Á L A

LEBEÍÐON

ÁLAÁMERIYYO,

I

áfati áldiyáro mahhallohá famokámohá
biminyan' tábada gaúlohá farijámohá

2

famodáfîô árrayáni ôrriya refmohá
khalakán' camá dh'amina álwahhiyyo filámohá

3

deminon' tejerramo bâda áhdi áneífahá
hhajajon' khalaúna hheláloha wahharámohá

4

rozikat merábeíâ álnojúmi was'ábahá
wadko álrawâîdi júdohá farihámohá

5

min culli fáriyah'in' wagádin' modjinin'
waâfhiyyah'in' motajáwibin' írzámohá

6

faálá forúâ álayhokáni waáthfalat
biáljelhataíni dh'ibáwohá waniâámohá

7

wáláino fácinah'on' âlai áth'layihá
 îúdhán' taájila biálfadh'ái bihámohá

8

wajalá álföyúlo âni áth'olúli cai'nnahá
 zuburon' tojiddo motúnihá áklámohá

9

áu rajô wáshimah'in' áfiffa núúrohá
 cifafán' taárradh'a faúkahonna wiśhámohá

10

fawakafto áfálohá wacaífa fowáloná
 s'ommán' khawálida má yabeíno celámohá

11

ôriyat wacána bihá áljomeíô faābcarúa
 minhá wagúdira núyohá wathomámohá

12

fhákatca dh'âno álhhayyi yaúma tehhammalúa
 fatacennafúa koth'onán' tas'irro khiyámohá

13

min culli mahhfúfin' yedh'illo âs'iyyoho
 zaújon' âlaihi cillah'on' wakirámohá

14

zujalán' cai'nnna niâája túdh'ihha faúkahá
 wadh'abáa wejrah'a ôththafán' áramohá

15

hhofizat wazáyalahá álferábo cai'nnaha
 ájzáô beífhah'a áthlohá waridhámohá

16

bel má tadhaccaro min nāwāri wakat badat
watakath'th'aât áfbábohá warimámohá

17

moriyyah'on' khollat bifaída wajáwarat
áhla álhhijázi faáina minca merámohá

18

bimišháríki áljebelaíni áú bimohhajjerim'
fatadhammanat-há ferdah'on farokhámohá

19

fafawáikon' ín áymenat famodh"annah'on'
minhá wiwháfo álkihri áú th'ilkhámohá

20

faákth'â lobánah'a men taârradh'a was'loho
walisherri wás'ili khullah'in' s'arrámohá

21

wáhhbo álmojámila biáljezeíli was'ormoho
bákin' idhá dh"aliât wazága kawámohá

22

bithaleíhhih'in' ásfárin' taracna bakiyyah'an'
minhá faáhhnaka solbohá wafenámohá

23

fa-ídhá tagálai lahhmohá watahhafferat
watakath'thaât bâda álciláli hhidámohá

24

falehá hibábon' feí álzimámi cá'nnahá
sahhbáa ráhha maá álneseími jihámohá

25

áú molmîin' wafikat liáhhkabi láhhaho
th'ardo álfohhúli wadh'arbohá wacidámohá

26

yâlú bihá hhadaba álácámi mofahh-hhaján'
kad rábaho îs'yánohá wawihhámohá

27

biáhhizzah'i álthalbúni yerbáo faúkahá
kafro álmerákibi khaúfohá árámohá

28

hhattaí ídhá falakhá jumádaí fittah'in'
jazán' fath'ála s'iyámohá wakiyámohá

29

waramaí dábirahá álfafá watahayyajat
reíhho álnos'áyifi faúmohá wafahámohá

30

rajaâá biámrihomá 'iláí dheí mirrah'in'
hhas'adin' wanajhho s'aréimah'in' íbrámohá

31

fatanázaâá fabith'án' yoth'eíro dh'iláloho
cadukháni mashâlah in' yoshibbo dh'irámohá

32

mashmúlah'in' golithat binebáti ârfajin'
cadukháni nárin' fáth'iin' ásnámohá

33

famadh'aí wakaddamahá wacánat âádah'an
minho ídhú heía ârradat íkdámohá

34

fatawaffath'á ârdh'a âlfariyyi was'addââ
masjúrah'an' motajáwirán' kullámohá

35

mahhfúfah'an' wafth'a âlyarái yodh'illoho
minho mos'arraô gábah'in' wakiyámohá

36

áfatilca ám wahhshiyah'on' masbúâh'on'
khadhalat waádiyah'o âls'iwári kiwámohá

37

khans'ao dh'ayyaâti âlfereíri falam yazal
ârdh'o âlshakáyiki th'aúfohá wabogámohá

38

lemoâfferin' kahdin' tenázaâ shilwoho
gabson' cawásibo má yemunno th'aâámohá

39

s'adafna minhá girrah'an' fás'abnahá
inna âlmenáyá lá tath'eísho fihámohá

40

bátat waásbala wácifon' min deímah'in'
torwaí âlshamáyila dáyimán tasiámohá

41

tejáfo ás'lán' kális'an' motanabbidhán'
biôjúbi ínkáin' yemeílo hayámohá

42

yâlú th'areíkah'a matnahá motawátiron'
feí laílah'in' cafara âlnojúma gamámohá

43

watadh'iyya feí wajhi áldh"alámi moneírah'an'
cajománah'i álbahhriyyi falla nidh"ámoha

44

hhattaí ídhá ánhhafara áldh"elámo waásfarat
bacarat tazillo âni áltharaí ázlámoha

45

álahat taballada feí nihái s'oâáyadin'
febâán' towámán' cámilán' áyyámohá

46

hhattaí ídhá yayifat waás-hhaka hhálikon'
lam yoblihi írdh'áôhá wafithámohá

47

watafammaât ruz áláneífi faráâhá
ân dh'ahri gaíbin' wáláneífo fakámohá

48

fagadat cullá álfarjaíni tahhfibo ánnaho
maúlaí álmokháfh'i khalfohá waámámohá

49

hhattaí ídhá yaífo álromáh'o waárfalúa
godh'ofán' dawájino káfilán' áâsámohá

50

falahhikna wáâtacarat lehá medrayyah'on'
cálfamhariyyah'i hhoddohá watemámohá

51

litadhúdahonna waáykanat ín lam tadhud
ân kad ájamma maâ álhhatúfi hhamámohá

52

fatakas's'adat minhá cifába fadh'arrajat
bicron wagúdira feí álmicarri sijámohá

53

fabitilca ídh rakafa állawámiô biáldh'ohhai
wájtába árdiyah'a álferábi ícámohá

54

ákdhí állobánah'a lá ófarrith'o reíbah'an'
áu án yalúma bihhájah'in' lawwámohá

55

áwalam tecun tadreí nawáro beínnani
wás'sálo íkdi hhabáyilin' jadhdhá mohá

56

tarráco ámcinah'in' ídhá lam árdhahá
áu yertabith' bádha álnofúfi hhimámohá

57

bel ánti lá tadreína cam min laílah'in'
thalikin' ledheídhín' lahwohá wanidámohá

58

kad bitto fámirahá wagáyah'a tájirin'
wáfaíta ídh rofaât waázza modámohá

59

ógleí álfibáa beculli ádcana áátikin'
áu júnah'in' kodihhat wafodh'dh'a khitámohá

60

bis'abúhhin' s'áfiyah'in' wajadhbi careínah'in'
bimowatterin' tátáloho íbhámohá

61

bácarto hhájatahá áldojája bifohtarah'in
lióâlla minhá hheína hobba niyámohá

62

wagadáhi reíhhin' kad wazâto wakorrah'in'
ídh ás'bahhat biyadi áls'himáli zimámohá

63

walekad hhamaíto álhhayya tahhmila fhiccati
foroth'qn' wifháhhi ídh gadaúto lijámohá

64

faâlúto murtakabán' âlaí dheí habwah'in'
khorajin' ilaí áálámihinna katámohá

65

hhataí ídhá álkat yadán' feí cáfirin'
waájánno âúrâto álhogúri dh'alámohá

66

ás-halto wántas'abat cajidhî maneífah'in'
jerdáa yahhs'oro dúnahá jorrámohá

67

raffâtohá th'arda álniâámi wafaúkaho
hhataí ídhá fakhinat wakhaffa ídh ámohá

68

kalikat rihhálatohá waáf'bala nahhrohá
wábtalla min zabdi álhhameími hhizámohá

69

tarkaí watath'âno feî álináni watantihhaí
wirda álhhamámah'i ídhá jadda hhamámohá

70

wacathe'rah'on' gurbáwohá majhúlah'on'
torjaí' nawáfílohá wayokhíhaí dhámohá

71

golbin' tashaddara biáldokhúli caínnahá
jinno álbadiyyi rawáfiyán' ákdámohá

72

áncarto báth'ilahá wabúto bihhakkihá
yaúmán' walam yafkhar álayyi cirámohá

73

wajezúro íyfári'n daáúto lihhatfihá
bimagálikin' motashábihin áâlámohá

74

ádûú bihinna liâákirin' áú mothfilin'
bodhilat lijeírání áljameî lihháamohá

75

fáldh'aífo wáljáro álgareibo cáí'nnamá
habath'á tabálah'a mokhs'ibán' áhdhámohá

76

táweí ilaí áláth'nábi culli radhiyyah'in'
mithlo álbaliyyah'i kális'in áhdamohá

77

wayocallalúna ídhá álríyáhho tenáwahhat
kholoján' tomeddo shawáriâán' áytámohá

78

ínná ídhá áltakati álmojámió lam yazal
minná lizázo ádh'eímah'in' jashámohá

79

wamokaffimin' yôth'eí álâsheírah'o hhakkahá
wamogadhmirin' lihhokúkihá hadh'ámohá

80

fadh'lán' wadhú caremin' yoéino álaí álnadaí
samhhon' casúbo ragáyibin' gannámohá

81

min másharin' fannat lehom ábáwohom
waliculli kaúmin' sonnah'on waímámohá

82

ín yafzaúúá yolkaí álmogáfira îndahom
wálfínno yalmaô cálcawácibi lámohá

83

lá yath'baúúna walá yebúro faâálohom
ín lá tameílo maâ álhawai áhhlámohá

84

fabenúá lená baítán' rafeíáán' femcoho
fafamaí ílaíhi cohlohá wagolámohá

85

fáknâ bimá kafama álmeleíco faínnamá
kafama álkhaláyika baínaná álamohá

86

waí'dhá álámánah'o koffimat feí máshari'n
áúfaí biáádh"ami hhadh"dh"iná kaffámohá

87

fahom álsoááto ídhá álâsheírah'o áfdh"aât
wahom fawárisohá wahom hhoccámohá

88

wahom rabeŝôn' lilmojáwiri feíhomo
walmormiláti ídhá tath'áwala áámohá

89

wahom álásheírah'ó ín yobath'th'ái hhásídon'
áú án yameílo mâa áládwi liyámohá

K A L A

A N T A R A H O N

ALABSIYYO.

I

hal gádera álfhoâráo min motaraddimi
ám hal ârafta áldári bâda tawah-homi

2

yá dára âblah'a biáljawái tecellamei
waîmmei s'ebáhhán' dára âblah'a wáflimi

3

fawakafto feihá nákitei wacaï'nnahá
fadanon' liákdh'eí hhájah'a álmotalawwimi

4

watahhillo âblah'a biáljawái waúhlohá
biálhhazni fál'sammáni fálmotathallomi

5

hhoyyeíta min th'alalin' tekádema áhdoho
ákwaí waákfara bâda ómmi álhaíthami

6

hhallat biárdh'i álzáyireína faás'bahhat
áfirán' álaí th'ollábici íbnah'a makhrami

7

ôlliktohá âradh'ân' waáktolo kaúmahá
zâmán' leâmra ábeíca laífa bimotozîmi

8

walekad nazakti felá tadh'unnei gaíroho
minnei bimenzilah i álmohhabbi álmocreml

9

caífa álmezáro waked terabbaô áhlohá
biôneízataíni waáhlóná biálgailami

10

ín conti ázmâti álfiráka faí'nnamá
zummat rocábicomo bilaílin' modh'limi

11

má ráâneí illá hhomúlah'o áhlihá
wafath'a áldiyári tafuffo hhabba álkhimkhimi

12

feíhá áthnitáni waárbaûúna hhalúbah'an'
fúdán' cakháfiyah'i álgorábi álás-hhami

13

ídh testabcíca bidheí gorúbin' wádh'ihhin
âdhbin' mokabbalaho ledheídho álmath'âmi

14

wacá'нна fárah'a tájirin' bikaseímah'in
fabakat âwáridh'ohá ílaíca min álfami

15

áu ratúdh'ah'in' ínfán' tadh'ammana nebtahá
gaíthon kaleílo áldimni laífa bimáлами

16

jádat álaíhi cullo becrin' khurrah'in
fataracna cullo kararah'in' cáldirhemi

17

fahh-hhán' watiscábán' faculli áfhiyyah'in'
yajreí álaíhá álmáo lam yat'asarrami

18

wakhalá áldhobába bihá falaífa bibárihhin'
garidán' cafíli álfháríbi álmotarannimi

19

haziján' yalhocco dhiráâho bidhiráâhi
kadhha álmocibbi álaí álzenádi áljadhmi

20

tomseí wato'sbihho faúka dh'ahri hhaſhiyyah'in'
waábeíto faúka foráh'a ád-hama moljami

21

wahhaſhiyyateí farjin' álaí ábli álfhawái
nehdin' meráciloho nebeílo álmahhzemi

22

hal tabloginnei dárará fhadaniyyah'on'
loónat bimahhrúmi álfherábi mas'orrami

23

khath'th'árah'on' gibba álforaí zayyáfah'on'
tath'ífo álá cáma biwakhdi khuffi'n maíthami

24

waca'nnamá tath'ífo álá cáma áfhiyyah'an'
bikareíbi baína álmínfamaíni mos'allami

25

táweí leho kolos'ó álniáâmi camá áwat
hhizakon' yemániyah'on' liáâjami th'imth'imí

26

yatabâna kullah'a rásihi wacai'nnaho
hharijon' âlaí nâshin' lehonna mokhayyami

27

s'álin' yaûúdo bidheí álâsheírah'i baídh'aho
cálâbdi dheí álferwi álhaweíli álás'lami

28

fharibat bimái áldohhrad'hâini fásbahhat
zaúráa tenforo ân hhiyádh'i áldaílemi

29

wacai'nnamá yenáya bijánibi diffahá
álwahhíheí min hazaji álihiyyi muwawwimi

30

hirron' jancíbon' cullamá áthifat leho
gadh'baí áttakáhá biályadáini wabiálfami

31

ábkaí lehá th'úla álzemáni mokermadán'
fanadún' wamithla daâáyimi álmotakhayyimi

32

baracat âlaí máí álridái caí'nnamá
baracat âlaí kas'abin' ájafísha mohadh'dh'ami

33

wacána rabbán' áú cahheílán' môkadán'
hhaísha álwofúda bihi jawánibi komkomi

34

yenbáo min dhifraí gadh'úbin jefrahin'
zayyáfah'in' mithla álfateíki álmocdami

35

ín togdafeí dúneí álkinái fa'nnaneí
th'ibbon' biákhdhi álfárfi álmofalyimi

36

áthaneí âlayyi bimá âlimti fa'nnaneí
fahlon' mokhálafateí ídhá lam ódh'lamí

37

faídhá dh'olimto faínna dh'olmeí básilon'
mirron' modhákatoho cath'âmi álâlkami

38

walekad fharibto min álmodámah'i bâda má
racada álhawájiro biálmishúfi álmâلامي

39

bizojáh'in' s'afraa dháh'i áfirrah'in'
korinat biásfari feí álfhimáli mofaddami

40

faídhá fharibto fa'nnaneí mofthahlicon'
máleí waírdheí wáfiron' lam yoclamí

41

waídhá s'ahhaúto femá ókas's'iro ân nadaí
wacamá âlimti fhemáyileí watecerromi

42

wahhaleílo gánayah'in' taraçto mojaddalán'
temcú fereísatoho cashidki álââلامي

43

fabakat yedáya leho biáájili thânah'in'
warafháhi náfidah'in' calaúni álândami

44

hallá fálati álkhaílo yá bnata málicin'
ín conti jáhilah'an' bimá lam tâlami

45

ídh lá ázálo álaí rihhálah'i fábihhin'
nehdin' taááworoho álcomáh'o mocellami

46

thúrán' yojarrado lilth'iaáni watárah'an'
yáweí ilaí hhas'adi álkiffeí áramrami

47

yokhbirco min fhahida álwakeíáh'a innaneí
ágshaí álwagaí waáîffo înda álmagnami

48

wamodajjajin' cariha álcomáh'o nizálaho
lá momniîn harabán' walá mostaflimi

49

jádat yedáya leho biáájili th'ânah'in'
bimothkafin' s'idki álcaûúbi mokawwami

50

birahheíbah'i álfargaíni yahdeí jersohá
biállali môtaffa áldhiyábi áldh'orrami

51

fahacecto biálrómhhi álas'ammi thiyábaho
laífa álcareímo álaí álkaná bimohhrami

52

fataractoho jazra álsibái yanoshnahō
má baína kullah'a ráfihi wálmîs'ami

53

wamashacci fábigah'in' hatacto forújahá
biálfaífi ân hhámeí álhakeíkahi mólami

54

rabidhin' yedáho biálkidáhhi ídhá shatá
hatáco gáyáti áltejári molawwami

55

lemmá raáneí kad nazalto óreídoho
ábdaí nawájidhoho ligáiri tebaßfomi

56

fathânatoho biálrómhhi thomma álaútoho
bimohendah'in' s'áfeí álhadeídahi mikhdhami

57

áhdeí bihi medda álnehári caï'nnamá
khodh'iba álbenáno waráfoho biálîdh'lami

58

bath'alin' caï'na thiyábaho feí farhhihi
yohhdhai niâálo álsebti láífa yatawámi

59

yá sháh'o má kanas'in' limen hhallat leho
hhorimat álayyi walaítohá lam tohhrami

60

fabaâth-to járiyateí fakolto lehá ídh-habeí
fatajassafeí ákhbárahá lei wáâlimi

61

kálat raíto mina álááádeí girrah'an'
wálfháh'o momcinah'on limen hú murtami

62

waca'nnamá áltafatat bijeídi jidáyah'in'
rafháin mina álgizláni hhurrin' áarthami

63

nobbeíto âmrán' gaíra fhácira nîmateí
wálcofro mukhbathah'on' linefsi álmonîmi

64

walekad hhafidh'to was'áh'a âmmeí biáldh'ihhaí
ídh taklis'o álsheftáno ân wadh'-hhi álfami

65

feí hhaúmah'i álhharbi állateí lá tafhtaceí
gamrátihá álábth'álo illá tagamgomi

66

ídh yatakúna beí áláfinnah'a lam âkhim
ânhá walecinneí tad háyika mokdameí

67

lemá famâto nidáa morrah'a kad âlá
wábnaí rabeíâh'a feí álgibári áláktami

68* 69

wamohhallamon yafûúna tahhta liwáyihim
wálmaúto tahhta liwâi áli mohhallami

70

áyaknat án fayacúna înda likáyihim
dh'arbon' yath'eiro âni álfirákhí áljoththami

71

lemá ráyato álkaúma ákbala jamôhom
yatadhámeruna cararto gáiro moðhammami

72

yadúúna ântara wárimáhihi caí'nnahá
ásht'háno beírin' feí lobáni álád-hami

73

má zilto ármeíhim bigorrah'i nahhrihi
walibánihi hhataí teferbala biáldemi

74

wázawwara min wakî álkaná bilibánihi
wafhacaí ilayyi biâbrah'in' watahhamhhomi

75

laú cána yadreí má álmohháwarah'o ástacaí
walecána laú âlima álcélama mocellomi

76

wálkhaílo taktahhimo álkhíbára âwábifán'
min baíni fhaídh'amah'in' waájrada fhaídh'amí

77

walekad fhafaí kalbeí waádh-haba fokmohá
keílo álfawárfí waíca ântarah'o ákdimi

78

dhululon rucábeí hhaítho fheíto mosháyieí
lobbeí waáhhfozoho biámrin' mobrami

79

walekad khasheíto bián ámúto walam tacun
lihharbi dáýirah'on' âlaí íbneí dh'emdhemi

80

álshátímeí îrdh'eí walam áshitmohá
wálnádhiraína ídhá lám álkahomá demi

81

ín yafâlá falekad taraċto ábáhomá
jezrá álsibâi waculli nifrin' kashâmi

K A L A

A M R U O N

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

1

álá hibbeí bes'ahhnica fás'bihheíná
welá tobkeí khomúra álándereíná

2

moshâfshâah'on' caï'na álhhos'sa feihá
ídhá má álmáo khálath'aho fhahheína

3

tejúro bedheí állobánah'i ân hawáho
ídhá má dhákahá lhattaí yeleiná

4

teraí állahhza álshahheíhha ídhá ámarrat
âlaíhi lemálihi feihá meheíná

5 * 6

madadti álcáfa ánná ómma âmrúin
wacána álcáfo mojráhá ályemeíná

7

wamá fherro altheláthoh'i ómma âmrúin'
bes'ahhibici álladhí lá tos'bihheíná

8 * 9

wainná faúfa todricóná álmenáyá
mokaddarah'an' lená wamokaddereíná

10

kifeí kabla ál tafarroki yá dh"âeíná
nekhabberaci ályekeína watokhbireíná

11

kifeí nefálaci hal áhhdathhti s'ormán'
lewafhci álbaíni ám khonti álámeíná

12

biyúmi careíhah'in dh'arbán' wath'ânán'
ákerra behi mawálcíci álôyúná

13

toreíci ídhá dakhalti âlaí khaláin'
wakad áminat ôyúno álcáfhihhein'á

14

dhiráêí áíth'alín' ádmái becrin'
terabbaâti álájáriâ wálmitúná

15

wathadyán' mithla hhokki álâáji rakhs'án'
hhas'ánán' min ácoffi állámifeína

16

wamatnaí lednah'in' th'álat walánat
rawádifoá tenúo bimá waleína

17 * 18 * 19

tadhacrato álsíbaí wáshtakto lemma
ráyato hhomúlahá ós'olán' hhodein'á

20

waáâradh'ati ályemámah'o wáshmakharrat
caáfyáfin' biáídí mos'liteíná

21

femá wajidat cawajdei ómma fakbin'
ádh'allattaho ferajjaâti álhaneíná

22

welá shamth'áa lam yatroc shekáhá
lehá min tifáh'in' íllá janeíná

23

waí'нна gaddán' waí'нна ályaúma rahnnon
wabâda gadin' bimá lá tâlameíná

24

ábá hindin' felá tâjal âlaíná
waándh'irná nokhabbirca ályakeíná

25

beí'nná núrido álrayáti beídh'an'
wanos'dirohonna hhomrán' kad raweíná

26

waáyyámin' lená gorrin' th'iwálin'
âfaína álmelca feihá án nadeíná

27

wafayyidi mâfherin' kad tawwajúho
bitáji álmolci yahhmeí álmohhjireíná

28

terecná álkhaíla âákifah'on' âlaíhim
mokalladah'on' âinnatahá s'ofúna

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

29 * 30

wakad harrat cilábo álhhaí minná
wafhadhaboná katádah'a men yaleíná

31

metaí nenkol ílaí kaúmin' rohháná
yecúnúá feí állikáí lehá th'ahheíná

32

yecúno thikálohá fharkiyyo najdin'
walahwatohá kodh'ââh'a ájmâeína

33

nezeltom menzila áladh'yáfi minná
faâjjalná álkiraí án teshtomúná

34

kareinácom faâjjalná kirácom
kobaíla áls'obhhi mirdáh'an' th'ohhúná

35

wai'nna áldh'igna bâda áldh'igni yaffhúá
âlaíca wayokhrijo aldái áldafeíná

36

warithna álmajda kad âlimat maâddon'
noth'âino dúnaho hhattaí yabeíná

37

wanahhno ídhá îmádo álhhayyi kharrat
âlaí áláhhfádhi namnáa men yaleíná

38

nodáfiô ânhomo áláádái kidmán'
wanahhmilo ânhomo má hhammalúná

39

noth'áino má térákhai álnáfo ánná
wanedh'ribo biálfoýúfi ídhá gafheíná

40

bisomrin' min kaná álkhatth'ái lodnin'
dhawábila áú bibeídh'in' yátaleíná

41

nahhokko behá rúúfa álkaúmi fhikka
wanakhtalibo álrakába fayakhtaleíná

42

tekhála jemájima álábth'ála feíhá
wofúkan' biálámáîzi yertameíná

43

nahhirro rúúfahom feí gaíri birrin'
femá yadrúna má dhá yattakúná

44

caï'na foyúfaná feiná wafeíhim
makháreíkon' biáídí láibeíná

45

caï'na thiyábaná minná waminhom
khodh'ibna biárjawánin' áú th'oleíná

46

ídhá má âyya biáláfnáfi hhayyon'
mina álhaúli álmofhabbahi án yecún'a

47

nas'abná mithla rahwah'a dháta hhaddin'
moháfadh'ah'an' waconná álfábikeíná

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

48

bifityánin' yerúna álkatla majdán'
wafheíbin' feí álhhorúbi mojarabeíná

49

hhodayyá álnáfi cullihimi jameián'
mokáraâh'an' beneíhim ân beneíná

50

faámmá yaúma khashyataná âlaihim
fatos'bihho gárah'an' motalabbabeíná

51

waámmá yaúma lá nekhshéi âlaihim
fatos'bihho feí mejálifiná thobeíná

52

biráfi min benní joshami íbni becrin'
nedokki bihá álfohúlah'a wálkhozúná

53* 54

ílá lá yejhalan áhhadon' âlaíná
fanajhalo faúka jehli áljáhileíná

55

biáy yi mesheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'
totheíô biná álwisháh'a watazdereíná

56

biáy yi mesheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'
necúno likeílicom feiná kath'eíná

57

teheddadaná waáúádaná rúwaídán
metaí conná liómmica maktaweíná

58

faï'na kenátaná yá âmrú ââyat
âlaí áláâdáï kablaca án teleíná

59

ídhá gadh'dh'a álhikáfi bihá íshmásat
wawallat-hom âshúzanah'an' zobúná

60

âshúzanah'an' ídhá ánkalabat árannat
tadokko kafá álmothakkafi waáljabeíná

61

fahal hhoddithta feí jafhami íbni becrin'
binaks'in' feí khothúbi áláwwaleíná

62

warithna majda âlkamah'a íbni faífin'
ábáhha lená hhos'úna álmajdi deíná

63

warithto mohalhalán' waálkhaíra minho
zohaírán' nîma dhikhri áldhákhireíná

64

waâttábán' wacelthúmán' jameíân'
bihim nilná torátho áláwwaleíná

65

wadhá álborrahi álladheí hhodithta ânho
bihi nohhmaí wanahhmeí álmoljaeíná

66

waminná kablaho álsáêí colaíbon'
faáyyi álmajdi íllá kad waleíná

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

67

metaí nâkid kareinataná-bihhablin'
najodhdho álwas'la áú nakifi álkareíná

68

wanújado nahhno ámnâhom dhimarán'
waáúfâhom ídhá âkadúá yameíná

69

wanahhno gadáh'a áúkada feí khezârin
rafadná faúka rifdi álráfideíná

70

wanahhno álhhabifúna bedhei áráttheí
taſoffo áljollah'o álkhúro áldereíná

71

wanahhno álhácimúna ídhá óthîná
wanahhno áláázimúna ídhá ôs'eíná

72

wanahhno áltáricúna limá fakhith'ná
wanahhno álákhidúna limá radh'eíná

73

wacunná áláymeneína ídhá áltakeíná
wacána áláyfereíná benúa ábeíná

74

fas'álúá s'aúlah'an' feímen yaleíhim
was'olná s'aúlah'an' feímen yaleíná

75

faábúá biálnihábi wabiálsebayá
waí'bnái álmolúci mos'affad.íná

76

ílaícom yá beneí becrin' ílaícom
álammá tárifúá minná ályakeíná

77

álammá tâlemúá minná wamincom
catáyibi yath'áinna wayertameíná

78

álaíná álbeídh'o waályalabo ályemáneí
waáfyáfin' yakomna wayanhaneíná

79

álaíná cullo fábigah'in' dilás'in'
terái faúka álnejádi lehá godh'úná

80

ídhá wodh'íâat ân álábth'áli yaúmân'
ráyata lehá jolúda álkaúmi jaúná

81

fáinna motúnahonna motúna gadrin'
tos'affikohá álrciáhho ídhá jareíná

82

watahhamiloná gadáh'o alraúî jordon'
ôrifna lená nekáyidho álteleíná

83 * 84

warithnâhonna ân íbdái' s'idkin'
wanaúrothihá ídhá mutná beneíná

85

wakad âlima álkabáyilo min moâddin'
ídhá kobabon' biábthahhihá beneíná

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

86

beïnná âlâás'imúna beculli cihhlin
waïnná âlbádhilúna limojtedeíná

87* 88

waïnná álmániûna limá yaleíná
ídhá má âlbeídh'i dhábalati âljofúná

89

waïnná álmonîmúna ídhá kadirná
waïnná álmohlicúna ídhá áteíná

90

waïnná âlsháribúna álmáa s'afwan'
wayashrebo gaíraná âcaran' wath'eíná

91

álá áblig beneí álth'amáhhî ânná
wadômiyyan' facaífa âraftomúná

92

âlaí átháriná beídh'on' cirámon'
nohhádhiro án tofárika áú tehúná

93

dh''aâáyino min beneí jashami bni becrin'
khalath'na bimaísfemin' hhafabán' wadeíná

94

âkhadhna âlaí boûúlatihonna âhdan'
ídhá lákúá fawárisa môlameíná

95

liyaftalibanna ábdánán' wabeídh'án'
waáfraí feí álḥhadeídi mokarraneíná

96* 97

ídhá má rohhná yamshéina álhuwainá
camá ádh'th'arabat motúno álfháríbeíná

98

yakitna jiyadaná wayakolna lefom
bouúlataná ídhá lam temnaûúná

99

ídhá lam nahhmihinna felá bekeíná
lifhayan' bâdahonna welá hhoyeíná

100

wemá manaâ áldh"aááina mithla dh'arbin'
terai minho álfawáido cálkileíná

101* 102* 103

lená áldunyá wamen ádh'-hhai álaíhá
waneb'thiho hheína neb'thiho kádireíná

104

ídhá má álmolco fáma álnása khasfán'
ábainá án nekirra áldh'olla feíná

105

nofammaí dh'alimeíná wemá dh'alamná
walecinná fenabdá dh'alimcíná

106

ídhá balaga álfith'ámo lená s'abiyyon'
tekhirro leho áljabábero fajideíná

107* 108

meláná álbarra hhattai dh'áka áнна
wad'hahra álbahhri nemláwoho sefeína

K Á L A

H H Á R E T H O N

ALYASHCORIYYO.

1

áádhanatná bibáínihá áfomáo
robba tháwin' yomello minho álthawáo

2

bâda âhdin' lehá biborkah'a fhemái
faádnaí diyárahá álkhalth'áo

3

fálmohhayyáh'o fâls ifáhho fâglái
dheí fith'ákin faâádhbon fálwafáo

4

fariyádh'o álkhathá faáúdiyah'o álfhireíbi
fálfhôbatáni fáláyláo

5

lá áraí men âhidto feihá faí'bcí
ályaúma dilhán' wamá yeruddo álbocáo

6

wabiâínaíca áúkadat hindon' álnára
ás'eilán' telwei bihá álâlyáo

7

áúkadat-há baína álákeíki fashakh'sáini
biúúdin' camá yalúhho áldh'iyáo

8

fatanaawwarto nárahá min baêídin'
bikhezázin' haíhátó minca áls'iláo

9

gaíra ínneí kad ástaêino álaí álhommi
ídhá khaffa biálthawiiyi álnejáo

10

bizofúfin' caï'nnahá hiklah'on' ómmo
riyálin dawiiyyah'on' fakfáo

11

ánafat nebáton waafzaâhá álkennás'ó
âs'rán' wakad danaí álímfáo

12

fatarai' khalfahá min álrájî
wálwakî meneínán' caï'nnaho íhbáo

13

wath'írákán' min khalfihinna th'írákon'
fákith'áton telweí behá áls'ahhráo

14

átalah-há bihá álhawájiro ídh cullo
íbno ónthai' beliyyah'on' âmyáo

15

waátáná mina álhhawádithi ánbác
wakhath'bon nônai behi wanofáo

16

inna íkhwánona álárákemi yaglúna
álaíná feí keílihim íhhfáo

17

yakhlith'úna álberiyya minná bedheí áldhanbi
walá yanfaô álkhaliyyo álkhaláo

18

zaâmúá inna cullo men dh'araba álêíra
mowálin lená waínná álwaláo

19

ájmaûúá âmrahom bilaílin' falammá
ás'bahhúá ás'bahhat lehom dhaúdh'ác

20

min monádin' wamin mojeíbin' wamin
tis'-háli khaílin' khilála dháca rogáo

21

áyyohá álmánth'íko álmorakkisho ánná
índa âmruín' wahal ledháca bekáo

22

lá takhilná álaí giratica ínná
kablo má kad wafhai biná áláâdáo

23

fabekeíná álaí álshenáah'i tenmeíná
jodûdon wagarraha'on kâfáo

24

kabla má ályaúma bayyadh'at biôyúni
álnáfi feíhá taáyyath'o waí'báo

25

wacai' nna álmenúna terdeí biná
 árâna júnin' yenjábo ânho álâmáo

26

mocfahirrân âlaí álhhawádithi má terthúh
 lildehri mowyidon' s'ammáo

27—33* 34

thomma milná îlaí tameímin' faáhhramná
 wafeíná benáto morrin' ímáo

35

lá yakeímo álâzeízo biálbeledi álfahli
 walá yanfaô álkhaliyyo álnejáo

36

laífa yanjeí mowáyadon' min hhezárin
 ráfa th'údin' wahhurrah'on rajlao

37

famelecná bídhelica álnáfo hhattaí
 maleca ámondhiro íbno mái álfamáo

38

wahú álrabbo wálfheheído âlaí yaúmi
 álhhayaráini wálbelaó beláo

39

melico ádh'taô álberiyyah'i má yújado
 feíhá limá ledaihi cofáo

40

fátrocúa álth'eíkha wáltaâddeí waí'mmá
 teteâáshúa fafeí áltâásheí áldáo

41

wádh'corúá khalfa dheí álmejázi wama
kaddama feíhi álôhúdo wálcofláo

42

hhadhara áljúra wáltaâddeí walen
tenkadh'o má feí álmohárikí álíhwáo

43

áâlimúá inná wáiyýácomo feímá
áshtarathná yaúma ákhtalofná fawáo

44

áâlaíná jonáhho condah'a án
yâtami gáziyyohom waminná áljázáo

45

ám âlaíná jerá hhaneífah'a áú má
jamaât min mahháríbin' gabráo

46

ám janáyá beni âte'íkin' famen
yâdhoró faínná min hharbihim boráo

47

ám âlaíná jeraí álîbádo camá neíth'a
bijúzi álmohhammili álââbáo

48

ám âlaíná jeraí kodh'ââh'a
ám laísa âlaíná feímá janúá índáo

49

ám âlaíná jeraí íyádin' camá
keíla lith'afmin' ókhúwacomo alíábáo

50

laífa minná álmodh'arriyúna walá kaífin'
walá jondalon' walá álhaddáo

51

ánanán' báthilán' wadh'olmán' camá
yátoro feí hhojrah'a álrabeídh'i áldh''ibáo

52

wathemánúna min tameímin' bíáydihim
rimáhhon s'odúrohinna álkadh'áo

53

lam yahhillúá beneí rizáhhin' biborkáa
nith'áin' lehom álainá doáo

54

terecúhom molajjabeíná waábúá
binehábin' yas'immo minho álhhidáo

55

thomma jáúá yesterjiûna
falam terjâ lehom shámah'on' walá zahrác

56

thomma fáúá minhom bikáfimah'i áldh'el
walá yabrodo álgaleíla álmáo

57

thomma khaílon' min bâdi dháca mâa álg
lá ráfah'on' walá íbkáo

58

má ás'ábúá min taglebiyyin' famath'lúlon'
áláihi ídhá tawalleí alófáo

59

catecáleífi kaúmaná ídhá gazá
álmondhiro hal nahhno líbni hindin' roáo

60

ídhá hhalla alályáo kobbah'a maífúná
fáadneí diyárahá álkhalth'áo

61

fataáwwat lehom karádh'ibah'on' min
culli hhayyin caï'nnahom ílkáo

62

fahadáhom biáláfwadaíni waámro
állahi balgon' yafhkeí bihi áláshkiyáo

63

ídh temenúhomo áfrán' fasákat-hom
ílaícom ámniyyah'on íshráo

64

lam yogrúcomo gorúrán' walacin
yerfaô álalo jemôhom wáldh'ohhá

65

áyyohá álfháneío álmoballigo ánná
índá ámrúin' wahal lidháca ínteháo

66

ín ámrúon' lená ledaíhi khilálon'
gaíri fhaccin' feí cullihinna álbéláo

67

melicon' mukfith'on waácmelo men yamshí
wamin dúni má ledaíhi álthenáo

68

áramiyyon' bimuthlihi jálati áljinno
faábat likhes'mihá álájláo

69

men lená îndaho mina álkhaíri áyátin'
theláthin feí cullihinna álkadh'áo

70

áyah'on' fháriko álfshakeíkahi' ídh
jáúá jameíáán' liculli hhayyin' liwáo

71

hhaúla kaífin' mostalameína bicabshin'
koradh'iyyin' caínnaho âbláo

72

was'ayitin' min álâwátici má
tenháho íllá mabeídh'ah'on' ráláo

73

radadnahomo bith'ânin' camá yakhrojo
min khirbahi álmezádi álmáo

74

wahhamalnáhomo âlai hhazami thahláni
fhilálán' wadommiya álánfáo

75

wafaâlná bihim camá âlima állahon'
waná án lilhháyaneína dimáo

76

thomma hhojrán' ââneí íbna ómmi fathámin'
waleho fárfiyyah'on' khedh'áo

77

áfadon' feí állikái wírdon' hemúfon'
warabeíon' ín fhannâat gabráo

78

fajabhanáhomo bidh'arbin' camá tenhozo
ân jammah'i álh'awiiyi áldiláo

79

wafacacná gilla âmri álkaífi ânho
bâda má th'ála hhabfoho wálânáo

80

waákadnáho rabba gaffâna biálmondhiri
carhán' ídh lá tocála áldomáo

81

wafadeínáhomo betisâh'i ámlácin'
cirámin' áflábohom ágláo

82

wamaî aljúna júna áli beneí áláuífi
ânúdon' caínnaho dafwáo

83

má jazíná tahhta álájáji ídh
walat biáfkáyihá wahharr álsíláo

84

wawalidná âmriúna íbna ommi áyáfin
min kareíbin' lemá átáná álhhibao

85

mithlohá takhrojo álnas'éihah'o lilkaúmi
faláh'on' min dúnihá áfláo

POEMS,
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF
TRANSLATIONS
FROM
THE ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

————— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.*

EUCH.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE COUNTESS SPENCER,
THESE EASTERN PIECES,
AND, PARTICULARLY,
THE POEM OF
S O L I M A,
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED
BY HER LADYSHIP'S
MOST OBLIGED
AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

THE

PREFACE.

THE reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those *Eastern* originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine translations from the languages of *Asia*, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture; but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of *Formosa*. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called

Solima, is not a regular translation from the *Arabick* language; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia*: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an *Arabian* princess, who had built a *caravanſera* with pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Asia*. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgement of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddbaifo wa'l mojtuduno
Idba agbbara ofkon wababbat ſhemalan,
Wakbalut an auladiba elmordbiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin bejalan,
Beenca conto 'errabio el moghitbo
Leman yatarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nebara bebi ſhemſobo,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fibi belalan.

that, is; * *the stranger and the pilgrim well know, when the ſky is dark, and the north-wind*

* See this paſſage verified, *Solima*, line 71. &c.

rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, translated a few years ago from the *Persian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the *India-Company*; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes from other *Eastern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of *Roshana*, in the second volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Persian* poet *Nezâmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabshah*, a native of *Damascus*, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is *An history of the life of Tamerlane*: but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the *Arabian*

tales of * *a thousand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a *Persian* grammar; but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Asiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the *Easterns*: some of the *Persian* songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*; one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the *Persian*,

*Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increspe.*

since there is scarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the same image, of *the*

* See the story of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calandar* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. &c.

breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl, is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inserted with the same view of forming a comparison between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the description of the fountain of *Valchiusa*, or *Vallis Clausa*, which was close to *Petrarch's* house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by *Avignon*.

The *Turkish* Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by *Mesibi*, a poet of great repute at *Constantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or *the Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to *Catullus*; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of *Mesibi* are preserved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the *Pastoral*, and the poem upon *Chefs*, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of *Asia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste,

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of *Arabia* and *Persia* in an *English* dress. The heroic poem of *Ferdusi* might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*, and I see no reason why *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* should not be a subject as interesting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Mesîhi*, would suit our lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to *Anacreon*; and the seven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are several fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and

the admirers of native genius: but when I propose a translation of these *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages, in which they are written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.

SOLIMA,
AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild, unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love ! and farewell, youthful fires !
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets ; and, ye gales, be still.
See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales !

See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
* Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids !
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears ?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years ?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft ?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way :
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :
'Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,

While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head !
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays !
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom !
'These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
'The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
'The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
'Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent :
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;

Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

THE
PALACE OF FORTUNE,
AN INDIAN TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in 'Tibet's musky shades ;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair !
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest ;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul :
“ Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow ?
“ Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow ?

“ Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?
“ Ye heavens ! was that love-breathing bosom made
“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?
“ Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face,
“ Some tap’stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace ;
“ Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
“ And fire with amorous flames the youthful train.”

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
She rais’d her head, astonish’d, to the skies,
And veil’d with trembling hands her aching eyes ;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn :
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form’d round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes ! in fluid light array’d ;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play’d ;
Their lucid mantles glitter’d in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow’s hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o’er every opening flower,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.

Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid :
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain ;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed ;
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild ;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bowers
The glittering car descends on bending flowers :
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care ;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear :

“ Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
“ For ever beauteous, and for ever green ;
“ Here living rills of purest nectar flow
“ O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow ;
“ Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
“ Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May ;
“ Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
“ Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest.”

The damsel hears the heavenly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind ;

On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprize ;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bowers,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flowers ;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
And silver brooks, where wanton damsels play,
Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold ;
A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,
Then, gently falling in a vocal shower,
Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flower,
That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride ;
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
With each gay object fed her eager sight,
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
And led her trembling o'er the flowery land,
Soon she beheld, where through an opening glade
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd ;
In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd
O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd ;
And on a rock of ice, by magick rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd ;
'The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd ;

To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread :
And now, more radiant than the morning sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won ;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid :
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof ;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd ;
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry floor ;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed :
But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne :
To this the queen ascends with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne in mystick order stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command ;
When thus she speaks : (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

“ Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
“ From me all joys, all earthly blessings flow .

- “ Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
“ The mighty empress of yon rolling ball :
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid
At distance hung the dusky globe survey'd,
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
And labouring clouds on mountain-tops sustain'd.)
“ To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd
“ To rule the various thoughts of humankind ;
“ To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,
“ And some to grant, and some to waste in air.
“ Know farther ; as I rang'd the crystal sky,
“ I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie ;
“ Mark'd the rough storm that gather'd in thy breast,
“ And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress.
“ Straight I resolved to bring thee quick relief,
“ Ease every weight, and soften every grief ;
“ If in this court contented thou canst live,
“ And taste the joys these happy gardens give :
“ But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
“ And view without a wish yon shining store :
“ Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,
“ And kneeling votaries my shrine attend ;
“ Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
“ And scorn the folly of each human prayer.”

She said ; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening cars ;

Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
 And wanton echo lengthens every note.
 Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,
 Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows ;
 Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
 As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud :
 Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
 That like a wintry torrent pour'd along :
 A croud of every tongue, and every hue,
 Toward the bright throne with eager rapture flew.
 * A lovely stripling stepp'd before the rest
 With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest ;
 His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
 And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd :
 Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
 O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam ;
 The floating ringlets of his musky hair
 Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air :
 With modest grace the goddess he address'd,
 And thoughtless thus preferr'd his fond request.
 " Queen of the world, whose wide-extended sway,
 " Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
 " Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
 " The day with varied pleasures to beguile ;
 " Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
 " And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine ;

* Pleasure.

" Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
" And clasp a willing damsel in my arms ;
" Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
" And gently bounding like a playful roe;
" Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,
" And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair;
" Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
" Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy."

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest :

" On that smooth mirror, full of magick light,
" Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight."

She looks; and in th' enchanted crystal sees

A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees :

The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,

And by his side reclines a blooming maid;

O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,

Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,

And part conceal'd, and part disclos'd to sight,

Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,

As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine

Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,

Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,

Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;

From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,

And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.

But Maia turns her modest eyes away,

And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again, and sees with sad surprize

On the clear glass far different scenes arise :

The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,

O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn ;

With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,

And curling adders gales of venom breath'd :

Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,

And in a mournful knot his arms were bound ;

His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,

Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam ;

Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,

Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :

His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,

And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold ;

From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue

Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,

And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bower,

Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower :

Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,

And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air ;

Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,

Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,

And sad reflections in her bosom rise ;

To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen :

“ Take sage example from this moral scene ;

“ See, how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
“ How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss !
“ Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
“ Unchang’d her leaf, and without thorn her rose;
“ Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
“ And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.”

* Next tow’rd the throne she saw a knight advance;
Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;
And on his buckler beam’d a golden sun;
O’er his broad bosom blaz’d his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address’d the queen :
“ Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
“ And bind my temples with a victor’s meed;
“ Let every realm that feels the solar ray,
“ Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway :
“ Let Ind’s rich banks declare my deathless fame,
“ And trembling Ganges dread my potent name.”

The queen consented to the warrior’s pray’r,
And his bright banners floated in the air :
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim’d his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow’d where’er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys :
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor with idle state he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd.
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose :
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo ! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;
With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest :
Then cries (and waves the steel that drops with gore),
" The tyrant dies; oppression is no more."

* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.

The queen with faltering speech he thus addrest :

“ O, fill with gold thy true adorer’s chest !”

“ Behold, said she, and wav’d her powerful hand,
“ Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand :
“ There load thy coffer with the golden store;
“ Then bear it full away, and ask no more.”

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber’d lay;
There hung enamour’d o’er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop’d the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil,
But bitter was his anguish, to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :
And every time he heap’d the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before :
Till, spent with pain, and falling o’er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor’d :
On the lov’d heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas’d,
Stepp’d forward, and the massy coffer seiz’d;
But with surprize he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away :
In winding streams the liquid metal roll’d,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Next to the shrine advanc’d a reverend sage,
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;

His few gray locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground :
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace ;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.]
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen :

“ Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
“ And age's chilling gusts around me blow :
“ In early youth, by contemplation led,
“ With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;
“ To nature first my labours were confin'd,
“ And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
“ Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
“ And every shrub that in the forest grew :
“ From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,
“ Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
“ Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
“ Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.
“ At length sublimer studies I began,
“ And fix'd my level'd telescope on man ;
“ Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,
“ What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd :
“ But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,
“ So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

“ His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
“ And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,
“ His life, a flower, ere evening sure to fade,
“ His highest joys, the shadow of a shade;
“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,
“ Bewail my folly, and heaven’s laws obey,
“ Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
“ And to my Maker’s will my soul submit :
“ Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
“ On me the last best gift of heaven bestow.”

He spoke : a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o’er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now from the throng a deafening sound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers preferr’d;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy croud,
Thrice wav’d her silver wand, and spoke aloud :
“ Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
“ But take unheard whate’er you first desire.”
She said : each wish’d, and what he wish’d obtain’d;
And wild confusion in the palace reign’d.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish’d on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish’d from her sight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night;

But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise :
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care !
Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold;
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone;
'That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day :
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes descending he display'd,
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid :

“ Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
“ What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress ;

“ To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,

“ And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief.”

The maid replied, “ Ah, sacred genius, bear

“ A hopeless damsel from this land of care ;

“ Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,

“ Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns.”

She spoke; and swifter than the glance of thought
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd : the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd ;
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung ;
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprize,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure like a starry beam,
Or moonlike sparkling on a silver stream.
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale :
Led by these flattering hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd ;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood ;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bowers :

On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene,
Yet on she wander'd till with grief oppress
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast;
Now to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks, " Ah! fond mistaken maid,
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
" Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
" Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
" Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
" Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
" Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
" In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
" Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:

“ Yet stay till fate has fix’d my early doom,
“ And strow with leaves a hapless damsel’s tomb.
“ Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
“ My maiden herse unwater’d with a tear.”

Thus while she mourns, o’erwhelm’d in deep despair,
She rends her silken robes, and golden hair :
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :
Sudden descends the genius of the ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;
Then speaks, “ Who calls me from the realms of day ?
“ Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey.”

She drank his melting words with ravish’d ears,
And stopp’d the gushing current of her tears;
Then kiss’d his skirts, that like a ruby glow’d,
And said, “ O bear me to my sire’s abode.”

Straight o’er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull’d in still repose.

By this with flowers the rosy-finger’d dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;
She wak’d, and saw a new-built tomb that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade :
“ Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father’s shade.”
She sigh’d, she wept; she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land
She saw advance a slowly-winding band;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo the funeral strain :
When from her face her silken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpowered with bursting joy she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day :
Erelong the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale;
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS;
AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain :
Smooth were the waves ; and scarce a whispering gale
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.
High on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone ;
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green ;
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys ;
* Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings ;

* The follies of youth.

Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumbering main :
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows;
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep ;
* But now a glittering isle arose in view;
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue :
Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love),
And higher still a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,
And straight the pinnacle struck the sandy shore.
'The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand ;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade :
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
'That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings ;
† And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Rush'd with quick pace along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood :

* The world.

† The follies and vanities of the world.

In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, " O, welcome to this blissful isle !

" For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,

" Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold :

" Hail, sacred king ! and from thy subject's hand,

" Accept the robes and sceptre of the land."

" Sweet maid, said he, fair learning's heavenly beam

" O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring gleam ;

" Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,

" While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.

" How should a simple youth, unfit to bear

" The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear !"

" Ah ! said the damsel, from this happy shore,

" We banish wisdom, and her idle lore ;

" No clarions here the strains of battle sing,

" With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.

" Peace to the brave ! o'er us the beauteous reign,

" And ever-charming pleasures form our train."

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,

She plac'd respectful on his golden curls ;

Another o'er his graceful shoulder threw

A silken mantle of the rose's hue,

Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,

And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.

Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,

They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight ;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots, he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
On every bank, and under every shade,
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd ;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring ;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales :
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim ;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where on a hill a radiant palace stood ;
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat ;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread :
There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd *,

* The pleasures of the senses

And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command ;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd :

“ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd,
“ How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd ?
“ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
“ Are you of earthly or celestial race ?
“ To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
“ Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone ;
“ And, slowly winding on my native shore,
“ Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;
“ Till from the waves with many a charming song,
“ A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along :
“ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
“ Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands ;
“ I went, saluted by the vocal train,
“ And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again ;
“ When on this island struck the gilded prow,
“ I landed full of joy : the rest you know.
“ Short is the story of my tender years :
“ Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening ears.”
“ These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,
“ The maid replied, and these the fragrant bowers,
* Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
“ The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport ;

“ And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heavenly line ;
“ Our souls immortal, as our forms divine :
“ For Maia, fill’d with Zephyr’s warm embrace,
“ In caves and forests cover’d her disgrace ;
“ At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
“ Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,
“ Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth
“ She nurs’d in myrtle bowers, and call’d him Mirth.
“ He on a summer’s morning chanc’d to rove
“ Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
“ Where, by a dimpled rivulet’s verdant side,
“ A rising bank, with woodbine edg’d, he spied :
“ There, veil’d with flowerets of a thousand hues,
“ A nymph lay bath’d in slumber’s balmy dew ;
“ (This maid by some, for some our race defame,
“ Was Folly call’d, but Pleasure was her name :)
“ Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
“ Hung on a blossom’d branch that near her grew ;
“ For, long disporting in the silver stream,
“ She shunn’d the blazing day-star’s sultry beam ;
“ And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
“ Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :
“ Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and press’d
“ Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
“ At his wild theft the rosy morning blush’d,
“ The rivulet smil’d, and all the woods were hush’d.
“ Of these fair parents on this blissful coast
“ (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)

“ I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
“ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
“ When they to brighter regions took their way,
“ By Love invited to the realms of day,
“ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
“ And said, departing, Here let Beauty reign.
“ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,
“ And, ah ! we know thee of no mortal line.”

She said ; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd :
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground ;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, “ Fair nymph (but let me not be bold),
“ What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold.
“ To six gay bowers, the maid replied, they lead,
“ Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead ;
“ Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
“ Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray.”
“ But the seventh door, said he, what beauties grace ?
“ O, 'tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,
“ A scene of nameless deeds, and magick spells,
“ Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells :
“ Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
“ And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend.”
She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door :
Swift he descends ; the damsel flies before ;

She turns the lock ; it opens at command ;
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd * ;
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue ;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray ;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam ;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
“ These are the waters of eternal light,
“ The damsel said, the stream of heavenly sight ;
“ See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
“ A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),
“ See, how the living waters bound and shine,
“ Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine !”
From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look :
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view ;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold ;
Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise :

Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed ;
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues ;
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes ;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train ;
And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow ;
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd ;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
'The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance ;
And o'er the lawn delighted they advance :
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate *.

A soothing sound he heard (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst),

* Hearing.

And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre :
Melodious notes, drawn out with magick art,
Caught with sweet extasy his ravish'd heart ;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade ;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends : and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears ;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings :

“ Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
“ Your eager steps, a bower of new delights ;
“ Ah ! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
“ Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
“ Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
“ His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
“ See, gentle youth, a lily-bosom'd bride !
“ See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side !
“ Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
“ A sweeter bow'r your wandering steps invites.”

He ceas'd ; the slender branch, from which he flew,
Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.

The damsel smil'd ; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd :
The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate * conducts the amorous boy ;
She turns the key ; her cheeks like roses bloom.
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets ;
But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft ;
Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,
The musky roes, and fragrant civets, play'd.
As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan not long before
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gayly he pursues ;
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole :
Soon the fourth door † he pass'd with eager haste,
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd ;
And under it in stately form was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd ;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side :
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care ;
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine ;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung ;
With these were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
An hundred smiling pages stood around,
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound :
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store ;
The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the sun
Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run ;
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door * : a stream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd ;

Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)
From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss :
On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd ;
And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,
His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise ;
Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
To the sixth gate * her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around ;
The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound :
The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd ;
The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flowers ;
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid ;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy :
They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came ;

* The sensual pleasures united.

They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make with speed a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair !
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care :
Then to the first who spoke his hand he lent ;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride ;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side,
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight ;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed ;
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away ;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More blest, he thought, than any son of heaven :
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears ;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks :

“ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail
“ (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail),
“ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
“ Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown :
“ Our parents, whom, alas ! we must obey,
“ Expect us at a splendid feast to-day ;
“ What joy to us can all their splendour give ?
“ With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.

“ Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
“ Some pleasing solace to our absent lord ?
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
“ Accept : the seventh (but that you heard before)
“ Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
“ A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
“ Farewel, dear youth ; how will our bosoms burn
“ For the sweet moment of our blest return !”

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more :
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new :
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes,
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise :
“ The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,
“ Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :

“ What harm to open, if it be a cell
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?
“ If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;
“ If new or strange, my soul desires no more.”
He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,
And op’d the door : the hinges mov’d with ease
 Before his eyes appear’d a sullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild ; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet as he longer gaz’d, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus’d : at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter’d, and advanc’d with cautious tread.
Still as he walk’d, the light appear’d more clear ;
Hope sooth’d him then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged sire surpriz’d he saw,
Who fill’d his bosom with a sacred awe * :
A book he held, which, as reclin’d he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper’s ray ;
His beard, more white than snow on winter’s breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest ;
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach’d the reverend sage,
He rais’d his head, and clos’d the serious page ;
Then spoke : “ O son, what chance has turn’d thy feet
“ To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ?”

To whom the youth : “ First, holy father, tell,
“ What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ?
“ This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
“ Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
“ Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king,
“ And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
“ For some important cause to me unknown,
“ This day they left me joyless and alone;
“ But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
“ My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.”
“ Youth, said the sire, on this auspicious day
“ Some angel hither led thy erring way :
“ Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
“ Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
“ Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law;
“ List, stripling, list ! (the youth stood fix’d with awe :)
“ * But seventy days the hapless monarchs reign,
“ Then close their lives in exile and in pain;
“ Doom’d in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
“ Where darkness hovers o’er the iron grove.
“ Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
“ May save thee, son, from this destructive snare.
“ † Not far from this a lovelier island lies,
“ Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow’d eyes :
“ On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows
“ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,

* The life of man.

† Heaven.

“ Which if thou taste, whate’er was sweet before
“ Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
“ But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
“ Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
“ * Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,
“ And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves ;
“ If to my words obedient thou attend,
“ Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.
“ A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
“ That now lies anchor’d on the rocky shore;
“ And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
“ In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
“ Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
“ And waft thee safely o’er the dangerous sea.”

The boy was fill’d with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem’d to wake :
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin’d ;
His reason brighten’d, and reform’d his mind :
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk’d,
And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk’d.
At night the stripling to the hall return’d ;
With other fires his alter’d bosom burn’d.
O ! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem’d all he e’er had heard, had felt, had seen !
He view’d the stars, he view’d the crystal skies,
And bless’d the power all-good, all-great, all-wise ;

How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe !
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car the seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw;
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous croud
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud :
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground :
They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign !)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

'The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;
At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the sound with hasty rapture flew,
The promis'd pinnace just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,

He stopp'd : his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild
For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold :
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated as they went with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave;
He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd;
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head. *

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;
Who, smiling, spake : " Here ever wilt thou rest,
" Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest;

“ So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more

“ With the gay follies of that perilous shore.

“ See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,

“ With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold !

“ There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite;

“ Bliss without care, and morn without a night.

“ But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence;

“ Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.

“ To yon pernicious island I repair,

“ Swift as a star.” He speaks, and melts in air.

The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight;

And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

A PERSIAN SONG

OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

GAZEL.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
Bedest ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduish bakhshem
Samarcand u Bokharara.

Bedeh, saki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgeshti Mosellara.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display;
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate : ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;

Fugan kein luliani shokh
 I shiringari shehrashob
 Chunan berdendi sabr az dil
 Ke Turçan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma
 Jamali yari mustagnist;
 Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
 Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
 Va razi dehri kemter ju,

To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While musick charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
Be hikmet ein moammara.

Men az an husni ruzafzun
Ke Yusuf dashti danestem
Ke eshk az perdei ismet
Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
Ke az jan dostiter darend
Juvanani saadetmend
I pendi peeri danara.

What cruel answer have I heard !
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung :
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khursendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr sufti,
Bea vakhosh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to afshaned
Felek ikdi suriara.

ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO

THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

YE clear and sparkling streams,
 Warm'd by the sunny beams,
 Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd:
 Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
 Where Spring her chaplets wove,
 While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade; *

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
 Ove le belle membra
 Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
 Gentil ramo, ove piacque
 (Con sospir mi rimembra)
 A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

Sweet herbs, and blushing flowers,
That crown yon vernal bowers
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear.
If heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,
That here my urn may rest
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Coll' angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.
S' egli è pur mio destino,
E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' amor questi occhi lagriniando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra;
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda:
La morte fia men cruda,
Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbioso passo;

My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.
Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray;
There sorrowing shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

Che lo spirito lasso
Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
N'en piu tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.
Tembo verrà ancor forse
Ch' all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta;
E là, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pietta,
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l'inspira
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente che mercè m'impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
 The young and blooming flowers,
 Falling in fragrant showers,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some, in a spicy cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud
 " Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
 I view'd the heavenly maid;
 And, rapt in wonder, said
 " The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"

Da' bei rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
 Ed ella si sedea,
 Humile in tanta gloria
 Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo :
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle treccie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel di a vederle,
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual sull' onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando pareva dir, " Qui regna Amore."
 Quante volte diss'io
 Allor pien di spavento
 " Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"

Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said " Whence rose this glittering scene ?"
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

Così carico d' oblio
Il divin portamento
E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
M'aveano, e si diviso
Dall' imagine vera,
Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
" Qui come venn' io, o quando ?"
Credendo esser' in ciel, non là dov' era.
Da indi in quà mi piace
Questa erba sì ch' altrove non o pace.
Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.

M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE

or

THE FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque, &c.

CLAIRe fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;
 Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
 Agité par les Zephirs
 La couvris de son ombrage,
 Qui rappelles mes soupirs,
 En rappelant son image,
Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'Elle,
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
 Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes
 L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,
 Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
 Recevez mes dernieres larmes.

LAURA,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.



* **I**N this fair season, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play ;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay ;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, " Here Mirth and Beauty reign."
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers :
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zesiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia ;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela ;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia :
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena ;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia ;
L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra e d'amor piena ;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia :

I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild.
 For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
 Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more :
 Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
 And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
 * Ah, death ! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower,
 That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower ;
 Thy dart has lay'd on yonder sable bier
 All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear ;
 Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
 Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.

† Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
 A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe !

IMITATIONS.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
 Quella ch' al ciel se ne porto le chiavi :
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
 Che mai si vede, e'i plu begli occhi spenti ;
 Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti
 Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto !

† Ver. 28. Sonnet. 230.

O nostra vita, ch'è si bella in vista !
 Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
 Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd !
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light ;
 But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
 Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise !
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years !

* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
 Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.
 Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
 Form her rude diadem, and native throne :
 There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
 Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
 Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
 And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow ;
 Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
 The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains ;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulières.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
 Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,
 Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
 Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
 D'une mousse verte couverts,
 S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure ;
 Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
 Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts, &c.

Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies ;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar ;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam ;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride ;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on these banks (ah, dream of short delight !)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight ;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O ! what heart could long rebel ?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May ;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale ;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale ;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene :
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327 ; and she died on the same day in 1348.

The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay :

“ * Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,
“ Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
“ Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
“ Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
“ Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile;
“ Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile;
“ You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;
“ You taught me how to love, and how to weep.”

† No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra stella,
Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno? &c.

† Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non è sterpe, ne sasso in questi monti,
Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba;

No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
 No stream along the winding valley plays,
 But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
 What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
 * At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
 Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
 Sits on the border of each purling rill,
 Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
 † Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
 Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?

IMITATIONS.

Stilla d' acque non ven di queste fonti,
 Ne fiere an questi boschi si selvagge,
 Che non sappian quant' è mia pena acerba.

* Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,
 Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
 E pongasi a seder' in su la riva:
 Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
 Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
 Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncrezca.

† Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
 S'ode d'una siorita e fresca riva,
 La v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e schriva;
 Lei che'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nasconde,
 Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva
 Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.

Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
 And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
 Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
 The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
 My Laura's voice in many a soothing note
 Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:

- “ Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bower?
 “ Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
 “ Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet
 “ Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
 “ Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
 “ Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
 “ Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
 “ And revel in eternal blaze of light;
 “ See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
 “ And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
 “ Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
 “ And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more.”

She ends: the fates, that will no more reveal,
 Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

IMITATIONS.

Deh ! perche innanzi tempo ti consume ?
 Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
 Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
 Di me non pianger tu; che miei di fersi,
 Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gl' occhi, apersi.

" Return, sweet shade ! I wake, and fondly say,
 " O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray !
 " Return : thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
 " And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell ;
 " Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
 " And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return ;
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.

* Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born ;
 Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn ;
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay ;
 Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray :
 You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue ;
 But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
 My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain !

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
 Fere selvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
 Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
 Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena ;
 Dolce sentier, che sì amaro riesci ;
 Colle, ch'è mi piacesti, or mi rincresci ;
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;
 Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
 Non, lasso, in me, che da sì lieta vista,
 Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.

Henceforth, to sing in smoothly-warbled lays
 The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
 * To see the morn her early charms unfold,
 Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
 † Led by the sacred Muse at noon to rove
 O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
 To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,
 And warble to the woods her amorous strain;
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,
 Col la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro.

† Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle;
 Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati;
 Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
 Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle;
 Ne d' aspettato ben fresche novelle,
 Ne dir d' Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
 Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
 Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
 Ne altro sarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga,
 Si seco il seppe quella seppellire,
 Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume a specchio,

* Nymphs, who in glimmering glades by moonlight
dance,

And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,

Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;

Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.

Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;

Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkness, rise;

Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd;

And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,

O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erboso fondo

Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

HEAR how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flowery glade
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.

DINLEH bulbul kissa sen kim gildi eiame behar,
Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengamei behar,
Oldi sim afshan ana ezhari badami behar
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiame behar.
Yineh enwei shukufleh bezendi bagh u ragh,
Ysh ichun kurdi chichekler sahni gulshenda otagh,

Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, "that the vernal season approaches." The Spring has spread bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers: a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful, &c.

Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
 Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade,

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
 Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage).

Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola sagh?
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
 Tarafi gulshen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
 Sebzelerinda sehabehe lalehi kheirulaldur,
 Hei Mohanmed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
 Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi suseni,
 Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,

*The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed:
 among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his com-
 panions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the
 season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.*

*Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the
 water of a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through
 the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to
 me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful, &c.*

While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.

Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,
Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,
Aldanup sanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,
Gulistanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
Baghda kan aldi shemsun nishteri baran leh.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful, &c.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.

Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.

Arefun bu demi khosh gior bu giun yaran leh,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
Gitti ol demler ki olup sebzeler sahib ferash,
Guncheh fikri gulshenun olmişdi bagherinda bash,
Gildi bir dem kim karardı laleh lerle dagh u tash,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
Ebr gulzari ustuneh her subh goher bariken,
Nef hei badi şehir por nafei tatariken:
Ghafil olmeñ alemun mahbublighi wariken.
Ysh ü nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.

Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk, Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful, &c.

Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.

The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.

Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Buyi gulzar itti sholdenlu hewai mushknab
Kim yereh inengeh olur ketrei shebnem gulab.
Cherkh otak kurdi gulistan ustuneh giunlik sehab.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,
Gulistanun her ne sen aldi siah badi khuzan,
Adl idup bir bir ileh wardi yineh shahi jehan.
Deuletinda badehler kam oldi sakii kamran.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and He the bird of spring :
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Omerem buleh, Mesihî, bu merbai ishtihar,
Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,
Bulbuli khosh.gui sən gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley; may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihî, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF THE

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floream ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
Quique prata, quique saltûs, quique sylvulas amant;
Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit?
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floream ver fugit,
abit!

Quantus est nitor rosarum! quantus hyacinthi decor!
Non ocellus, cùm renidet, est puellæ lætior:
Hic levi dies amoris est, hic voluptati sacer:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floream ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,
Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos;
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floream ver fugit,
abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo nitet,
Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres decus.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit!

Aspice, ut roseta amictu discolori splendeant,
Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx;
Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulæ,
Quas odorifer resolvit lenis auræ spiritus;
Hæc pyropis, hæc smaragdis cariores Indicis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit!

Is tenellis per vireta spirat è rosis odor,
Ut novum stillans animum ros in herbas decidat,
Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit!

Acris olim cum malignis saeviit ventis hyems;
Sed roseto, solis instar, régis affulsit nitor;
Floruit nemus repentè, dulce manavit merum:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit !

His iners modis, Mesihi, melleam aptabas chelyn;
Veris ales est poeta; verna cantat gaudia,
Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
abit !

ARCADIA,

I PASTORAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustick style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

ARCADIA.

IN those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
Menalcas reign'd: from Pan his lineage came;
Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.
When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
The listening nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd:
To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;
A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
But now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,
* Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung;
His reed neglected on a poplar hung:
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating sheep.
Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:

IMITATIONS.

Guardian, N^o 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

NOTE.

* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the *Ἐγκωμιαὶ εἰς Πτολεμαῖον*, the *Διόσκωροι*, and others, which are of the heroick kind.

Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;
And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.

* The first was bashful as a blooming bride,
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot;
Where many a flower, in mystick order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her silken fillet grac'd;
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in every step was seen,
She mov'd a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fann'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
† The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm;
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm:

IMITATIONS.

* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis.
She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most
easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly
in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

† She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had
a rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who

But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rustick warbled from her tongue;

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and studs of silver, wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride:
But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd;

IMITATIONS.

heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May,
When every meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crouds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.
He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd:
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listening band;

“ Arcadian shepherds, to my words attend !
In silence hear your monarch, and your friend.
Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
Exite my pity, not my anger move.
Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
To them my sylvan empire will belong;
But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
And civil discord fill this happy vale,
Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,
To share their power, and grace the genial bed;

* So may the swains our ancient laws obey,
 And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
 But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
 Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
 So like your passion, and so like your strain,
 That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
 Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
 To steep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
 With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
 And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me stood;
 A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
 The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
 Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
 And said, " Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind :
 " This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
 " When love inflam'd him, and the † viewless maid,
 " Receive : ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
 " And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.

IMITATIONS.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

N O T E.

† Echo.

“ Thy daughter’s beauty every breast inspires,
“ And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
“ But let those favour’d youths alone succeed,
“ Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed.”

* This said, he disappear’d. Then hear my will:

Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;
Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,
And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains:
But mark! whoever shall by too harsh a lay
Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
To some disgraceful penance must submit.”

He ends; the shepherds at his words rejoice,
And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
And sits triumphant on th’ ideal throne;
Kind Vanity their want of art supplies,
And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,
And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

IMITATIONS.

* When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
 And evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;
 When, in a bower by Ladon's lucid stream,
 Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
 So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
 With woodbines join'd, an aromattick shade,
 The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
 His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:
 The royal damsels, seated by his side,
 Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride:
 The swains before them crouded in a ring,
 Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
 Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:
 His air was courtly, his complexion fair;
 And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
 That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
 With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls;

IMITATIONS.

appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had a sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful

A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
 His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,
 Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
 With beaming gems and silken ribbands bound;
 The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
 And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was o'erspread.
 * He sung the darling of th' Idalian queen,
 Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
 When weeping graces left the faded plains,
 And tun'd their strings to elegiack strains;
 While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,
 " Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more."
 The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
 The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
 The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
 And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance;
 So wildly, so affectedly, he play'd,
 His tune so various and uncouth he made,
 That not a dancer could in cadence move,
 And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve :

 IMITATIONS.

presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers.

NOTE.

* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
 While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
 Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
 The silken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:
 Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
 Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand;
 They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
 A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
 Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
 And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
 There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
 Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

* The next that rose, and took the mystick reed,
 Was wrapp'd ungraceful in a sordid weed:
 A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread,
 And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
 Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,
 He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair:

IMITATIONS.

thers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel.
 He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which
 he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the
 shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves
 in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it
 required great skill and regularity of steps, which they
 had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be
 stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet
 weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year
 and a day.

* The second that appeared was in a very different

" My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss ;
 " Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss."
 The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
 And turn indignant from the shameless swain ;
 To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
 To make his musick hateful as his lay.
 The gods assent: the flute he roughly takes,
 And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes;
 But when in jarring notes he forc'd his song,
 Just indignation fir'd the rural throng:
 Shame of Arcadia's bowers! the youths exclaim,
 Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!
 'The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
 Pursued the rustick with a vengeful rod;
 Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
 To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

IMITATIONS.

garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat
 skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in h
 person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came u
 fleeing to the nymph, and told her, " He had hugge
 " his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped t
 " kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed wit
 modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him a
 she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, bu
 with great difficulty made it sound; which was in sucl
 harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried on
 and all that he understood no musick. He was immedi
 ately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia to keep

* Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,
 Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd;
 Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
 Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
 † " Fair nymph, said he, the roses, which you wear,
 " Your charms improve not, but their own impair."
 The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,
 Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.
 When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
 Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
 Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
 Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;
 Through every interval, now low, now high,
 Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:
 The youths, who heard such musick with surprize,
 Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:

IMITATIONS.

the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, " Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so

NOTE.

† See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
 Then said, * “ Arcadia shall resound my praise,
 “ And every clime my powerful art shall own;
 “ This, this ye swains, is melody alone :
 “ To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
 “ Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains.”
 To whom Menalcas : “ Stranger, we admire
 “ Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;
 “ But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
 “ Adopt our manners, and our language learn :
 “ Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
 “ And teach thee how to speak, and how to move.”

† Soon to the bower a modest stripling came,
 Fairest of swains ; and ‡ Tityrus his name:
 Mild was his look, an easy grace he show’d,
 And o’er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow’d :

IMITATIONS.

intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of musick composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

† The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyn-tas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the

NOTE.

‡ The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

As through the croud he press'd, the sylvan choir-
 His mien applauded, and his neat attire ;
 And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
 Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
 He now begins ; the dancing hills attend,
 And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend :
 He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
 * When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade ;
 Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains
 Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains :
 But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
 What deep attention hush'd the rival crew !
 He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
 That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung ;
 Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid stream,
 Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme ;

IMITATIONS.

same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured, air : she blushed as he came near her ; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance ; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such musick by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

NOTE.

- * *Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. Virg.*

Then through the yielding waves in transport glanc'd;
 Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:
 " We oft, said they, at close of evening flowers,
 " Have heard such musick in the vocal bowers:
 " We wonder'd ; for we thought some amorous god,
 " That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
 " Had fann'd with starry plumes the floating air,
 " And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair."

He ended ; and as rolling billows loud
 His praise resounded from the circling croud.
 The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
 High in the midst the plaintive * Colin rose,
 Born on the liliated banks of royal Thame,
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
 Fair, yet neglected ; neat, yet unadorn'd;
 The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd :
 And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
 Green were his buskins, green his simple vest :
 With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,
 And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue :
 Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,
 The bloom of April, and December's cold ;
 † The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
 In every month that decks the varied year.
 Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
 And his soft numbers died along the shade ;

NOTES.

* Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

† See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
 And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
 Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
 While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.

Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
 Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
 Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
 Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
 Address'd th' attentive throng: " Arcadians, hear!
 " The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
 " Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
 " And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
 " Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace
 " Shall clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
 " And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
 " Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:
 " O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
 " And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
 " What splendid visions rise before my sight,
 " And fill my aged bosom with delight!
 " * Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
 " ARMS AND THE MAN in every clime shall ring:
 " Thy muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
 " Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
 " Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
 " The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.

NOTE.

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Fairy-Queen* of Spenser.

" And thou, O Colin, heaven-defended youth,
 " Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
 " Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
 " And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
 " Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
 " And lead th' enchanted soul through fancy's maze;
 " Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
 " And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."

* To Tityrus then he gave the sacred flute,
 And bade his sons their blushing brides salute;
 Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
 Till mountains echo'd, and till valleys rung.

† While thus with mirth they tun'd the nuptial strain,
 A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,
 Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
 ‡ Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue;
 A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
 An osier-basket, fill'd with fishy store;
 The lobster with his sable armour bold;
 The tasteful mullet deck'd with scales of gold;

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after
 he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter,
 which caused a general acclamation.

† While they were in the midst of their joy, they
 were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person,
 in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes,
 stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling

NOTE.

‡ See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of
 piscatory eclogues.

Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;
 And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed :
 Among them shells of many a tint appear ;
 * The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear ;
 The nautilus, on curling billows born ;
 And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn ;
 Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye ;
 With all the race that seas or streams supply ;
 A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung :
 Thus was the stranger clad, and thus he sung :
 " Ah ! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep ;
 " 'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep :
 " There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
 " And sports, unknown before, beguile the day ;
 " To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
 " Or pluck the samphire from th' impending cliff :

IMITATIONS.

rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. " Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas, " to them shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arca-

NOTE.

* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful shells.

" My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,

" And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."

" To them, Menalcas said, thy numbers pour;

" Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more."

He spoke; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,

And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:

Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain,

(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain);

Then, dropping, rose; and, like the rushing wind,

Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind:

* He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,

But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.

† Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming sun

His course resplendent in the Zodiack run,

The royal damsels, bashful now no more,

Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;

From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,

And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;

IMITATIONS.

dia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

† Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

NOTE.

* This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
And both the manners of their sires retain'd :
* Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,
In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,
More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow ;
He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
When early spring has wak'd the breathing flowers,
Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bowers:
† But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
The loves of rusticks, and fair-boding spells ;
Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,
And softly mourn, or innocently play.
Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

NOTES.

* See Pope's pastorals.

† See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

CAISSA:

OR,

THE GAME AT CHESS.

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled *SCACCHIA LUDUS*, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his *Adonis*: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of *Caïssa*, which is written in imitation of *Ovid*, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to *Mars*, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from *India*.

CAISSA.

OF armies on the chequer'd field array'd,
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.
† Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;
Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
And rise translucent in the solar ray;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower,
Where spring's soft influence purpled every flower;

IMITATIONS.

- * Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta. *Vida.*
- † Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus! &c. *Lucretius.*

Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crowded round their seat:
Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her side
The sweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride:
Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the muse inspir'd;
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks:

“ The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
“ And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight;
“ Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile;
“ What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
“ Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
“ Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
“ At distance shall we view the sylvan chace?
“ Or catch with silken lines the finny race?”

Then Delia thus: “ Or rather, since we meet
“ By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
“ In artful contest let our warlike train
“ Move well-directed o'er the colour'd plain;

- “ Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
 “ Explain its laws, and o’er the field preside:
 “ No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
 “ We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame.”

The nymph consents: the maids and youths prepare
 To view the combat, and the sport to share;
 But Daphnis most approv’d the bold design,
 Whom Love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
 He rose, and on the cedar table plac’d
 A polish’d board, with differing colours grac’d;
 * Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;
 These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;
 Like the broad target by the tortoise born,
 Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
 Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor’d,
 O’er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour’d;
 The champions burn’d their rivals to assail,
 † Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;

IMITATIONS.

- * Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
 Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:
 Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne
 Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo. *Vida.*
- † Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
 Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
 Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
 Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas. *Vida.*

In shape and station different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their power the same.
Say muse! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd)
Who form'd the legions on the level field?

High in the midst the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the rest their pearly scepters rear :
One solemn step, majestically slow,
They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe ;
If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
And die with rapture if they save their king;
On him the glory of the day depends,
He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their consorts stand ;
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand ;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side ;
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain :
Fierce as they seem, some bold Plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent ;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their
height,

* Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

NOTE.

* The chief art in the Tacticks of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

To right and left the martial wings display
 Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
 Behold, four archers, eager to advance,
 Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;
 Through angles ever they assault the foes,
 True to the colour, which at first they chose.
 Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and speed,
 Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:
 * Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,
 Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows:
 Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
 By one quick bound two changing squares they gain;
 From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
 And rush from black to white, from white to black.
 Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
 Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:
 In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
 Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
 Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
 Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
 Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,
 Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.

IMITATIONS.

* Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
 Come gli altri, l' arringo unqua non fende,
 Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
 Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
 E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
 Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

Now swell th' embattled troops with hostile rage,
 And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
 When Daphnis thus: A varied plain behold,
 Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,
 As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
 Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.
 No mortal hand the wonderous sport contriv'd,
 By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd:
 * From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game,
 And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
 Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
 As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
 Her air enchanting, and her aspect mild;
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
 And fair Caissa was the damsel nam'd.
 Mars saw the maid; with deep surprize he gaz'd,
 Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd:
 His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
 And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
 The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;
 The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.

IMITATIONS.

- * Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens aëcola ponti;
 Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.

Vida.

Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly spake: " O thou, whom love inspires,
" Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
" The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;
" And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;
" The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds;
" Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
" Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain
" Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
" With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
" Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
" Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
" To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?
" So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
" And ev'n Caïssa own a mutual flame."
" Kind nymph, said Mars, thy counsel I approve,
" Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.

“ But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:

“ So may thy stream ne’er swell with gushing rain;

“ So may thy waves in one pure current flow,

“ And flowers eternal on thy border blow!”

To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:

“ Above the palace of the Paphian queen

“ * Love’s brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,

“ By gods nam’d Euphron, and by mortals Sport:

“ Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,

“ And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.

“ His temple hangs below the azure skies;

“ Seest thou yon argent cloud? ’Tis there it lies.”

This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,

And sought the mansion of her blue-hair’d train.

Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,

Had reach’d the temple of the sportful boy;

He told Caïssa’s charms, his kindled fire,

The Naiad’s counsel, and his warm desire.

“ Be swift, he added, give my passion aid;

“ A god requests.”—He spake, and Sport obey’d.

He fram’d a tablet of celestial mold,

Inlay’d with squares of silver and of gold;

Then of two metals form’d the warlike band,

That here compact in show of battle stand;

IMITATIONS.

* Ecco d’ astuto ingegno, e pronta mano

Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,

Gioco s’apella, ed è d’ amor germano. Marino, Adone. 1.

He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name:
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Chess*.)
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid:
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd the nymph survey'd
The lifeless troops in glittering ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before:
"What spell, said she, deceiv'd my careless mind?
"The god was fair, and I was most unkind."
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,

That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd.

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;
To arms, the groves and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.
Who first, O muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the sable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warrior moves with haughty strides;
Who from the plain the snowy king divides:
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.

Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.
Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,
Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.
But see! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,
By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven squares she passes with majestick mien,
And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.
Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:
Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.
Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade:
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all;

From all but Daphnis: He remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke: " Let me your loss supply,
" And either nobly win or nobly die:
" Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
" And led to triumph in the fields of Chess."
He said: the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess wounded left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field;
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less powerful than her eyes:
Wisdom and strength superiour charms obey;
And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.
By this a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent;
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unsung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sovereign to defend:

Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
 And flew like lightning to the fatal square;
 His limbs dilated in a moment grew
 To stately height, and widen'd to the view:
 More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
 Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warrior queen.
 As when the sage on some unfolding plant
 Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
 His hand the microscopick frame applies,
 And lo! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes;
 He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd;
 Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold;
 Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
 And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.
 The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,
 He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
 Then springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
 And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
 Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,
 His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field:
 * So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn,
 With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,

IMITATIONS.

———Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis sociis; velut æthere in alto
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis

Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault retires,
Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires.

He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound.
No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:
" A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
" By Mars protected, and by Venus' son;
" The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
" The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart."
She smil'd, the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their chest the mimic troops were lay'd,
* And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade.

IMITATIONS.

Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.

Vida, ver. 604.

- A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the *Iliad*,
" And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

CARMINUM LIBER.

I. ODE SINICA.

VIDES ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
 Argenteus rivi latex;
Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine
 Arundines interstrèpat:
Sic, sic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
 Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
 Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
 Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
 Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
 Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
 Minantur & rident simul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
 Et quantus incessu decor!
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
 Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum
 Memoria florescet tui?

II. ODE PERSICA.

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adsit, amici,
 Suavis voluptatum cohors:
 Sic monêre sènes.

Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,

Quin sacra mutemus mero

Stragula nectareo?

Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,

Quam molli in amplexu tenens

Pocula læta bibam.

Tange chelyn. Sævitur fortuna; at mitte querelas:

Cur non canoros barbiti

Elicimus modulos?

En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,

Quod amoris extinguat facem,

Nectareos latices.

Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quæ fiat ut umbrâ

Tectus rosarum nexili

(Veris avis) taceam?

III. ALTERA.

AFFER scyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri

Purpurcos latices

Effunde largiùs, puer.

Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,

Difficilesque senum

Emollit ægritudines.

Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;

Nectareis foveat

Dic luna solem amplexibus.

Flammas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet

Fervidioris aquam

Flammæ nitentis æmulam.

Quòd si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,
 Sparge, puer, liquidas
 Vini rubescentis rosas.
 Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,
 Pocula læta canant
 Non elaboratum melos.
 Injuriøsæ sperne fortunæ minas;
 Lætaque mœstitiam
 Depellat informe in chelys.
 Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:
 Da mihi dulce merum
 Somnum quod alliciat levem.
 Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,
 Ut placidâ madidus
 Oblivione perfruar.
 Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
 Seu vetitum fuerit,
 Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
 Multâ reclines in rosâ
 Urgere blandis osculis puellas;
 Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo
 Comam renodans auream,
 Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ:
 Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub antro

Ad suave zephyrorum melos
Rore advocati spargier soporis:
Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,
His, mite dum tempus favet,
Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
Quicunque aut rerum domini sumus, aut graves coacti
Curas egestatis pati,
Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges auriferâ lavit,
Læli, si mea sit dives opum domus:
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus insolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiolem amat
Musa, utcunque puellæ
Pulsas Æoliæ fides.
Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conspiciendæ
Bella innoxia destinant;
Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,

Cornicum manus albis

Nigrans certat oloribus.

Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis

Umbrâ suppositi? Dic veniat genis

Ridens Lydia pulchris,

Et saltare decens Chloe:

Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;

Me testudineis aut Venerem modis

Dicente, aut juvenilis

Telum dulce Cupidinis.



VI. AD LUNAM.

CÆLI dulcè nitens decus,

Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:

Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,

Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.

Non prædator ut improbus,

Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias;

Nec, dum lux radiat tua,

Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem.

Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel

Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,

Illum deseruit furor,

Et telum facili decidit è manu.

Nec delicta per & nefas

Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor;

Blandâ victa Chloë prece

Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
Herbosamque Amathunta, & viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immittior æsculo,
Mœrentis Licinî sollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum.
(Quantum est & vacuis nectar in osculis!)
Quod si carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu
Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,
Tum nigranti hederâ & tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos:
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo
Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine saucium
Monstrant, & violâ pallidior gena.

VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
 Laetior audis,
Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruscum
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, & tecum properet soluto
 Crine Thalia.

Jam venis ! nubes placidi serenas
Passeres findunt ; super albicantes
Dum volant sylvas, celeresque versant
 Leniter alas.

Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ
Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido jacentis
 Fundis in aurem.

“ Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,
“ Lucidis venanti oculis amantes ?
“ Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,
“ Care, querelas ?
“ Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet ;
“ Sive te molli roseos per hortos
“ Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur
“ Ipsa fugacem.”

Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratae rigidum Corinnæ
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
 Forsit Adonis.

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE
HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in solio jussit considerare eburneo,
Cælato rutilanti auro, insertisque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis:
Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.
Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis;
Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cùm subito trepidam prevenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur:
Ilicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;
Tales prosiluire. Nepos ante agmina Salmi

Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut vernans excelso in monte cupressus.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor:
Hoc vidi, & valido torquens hastile lacerto
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam:
Milитibus vires rediêre, & pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis:
Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas & ferrea scuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo:
Frustra; nam, lunans habilem nec segniter arcum,
Populeas misi duro mucrone sagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti:
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas:
Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,
Pulsus ut & clypeus clypeo est, & casside cassis
Illum insurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua discolor ilia cinxit
Balteus, & rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans

E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
 Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit;
 Pectora cui nivea, & ferratâ cuspide costas
 Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam
 Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.
 Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,
 Saxa per & colles; nostris victoria turmis
 Affulsit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
 Sic pereant, quicumque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,
 Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!
 Dixit; & heroas Persarum rector ovantes
 Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas
 Instaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia poni:
 Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.

 ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat?
 An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?
 Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
 Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
 Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,
 Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
 Quàm juvat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs
 Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?
 Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
 Num colit assuetos mollis amica lares?
 Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
 Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?

An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?
Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,
Gaudia væ! misero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ
Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?
Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
“ Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?”
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!
An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
Hinnulcique citi, capreolique leves?
Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,
Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,
Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
Absentis Solimæ commemminisse juvat.
Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,
Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

FABULA PERSICA.

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Persidi.,
 E nube in æquor lapsa pulviæ guttula est;
 Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,
 “ Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?
 “ Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?”
 Cùm se verecundantì animulâ sperneret,
 Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;
 Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;
 Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
 Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

 AD MUSAM.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingenî,
 Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
 Linquenda alumno est laurus & chelys tuo:
 At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,
 Seu Suada mavis sive Pitho dicier,
 A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
 Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
 Nec indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus.

AN
ESSAY

ON THE

POETRY OF THE EASTERN NATIONS.

ARABIA, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Asiatics* know by the name of *Yemen*, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indostan*, called *Cashmîr*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of *Yemen* are

proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of *Asia*, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by Providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East *.

Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, usually considered as its metropolis; *Zebid*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of *Omman*; and *Aden*, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the *Equator*, and seventy-six from the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Canaries*, where the geo-

* I am at a loss to conceive, what induced the illustrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend, that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who considered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to insist on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is described by the *Asiatics* themselves as a large division of that peninsula which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more reason for annexing it to *India*, because the sea, which washes one side of it, is looked upon by some writers as belonging to the great *Indian ocean*, than there would be for annexing it to *Persia*, because it is bounded on another side by the *Persian gulf*.

graphers of *Asia* fix their first meridian. It is observable that *Aden*, in the Eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode*, its second, *delight, softness, or tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe in this place that *Yemen* itself takes its name from a word, which signifies *verdure, and felicity*; for in those sultry climates, the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meant to translate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamick plants, that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air *: now it is certain that all poetry

* The writer of an old history of the *Turkish Empire* says, "The air of Egypt sometimes in summer is like any sweet perfume, and almost suffocates the spirits, caused by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices."

receives a very considerable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roses of *Sbarran*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the sources of many pleasing metaphors and comparisons in the sacred poetry: thus the odours of *Yemen*, the musk of *Hadramut*, and the pearls of *Omman*, supply the *Arabian* poets with a great variety of allusions; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be just, that whatever is *delightful to the senses* produces the *Beautiful* when it is described, where can we find so much beauty as in the *Eastern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliest objects in nature?

To pursue this topick yet farther: it is an observation of *Demetrius* of *Phalera*, in his elegant treatise upon style, that it is not easy to write on agreeable subjects in a disagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expressions* naturally rise with beautiful images; for which reason, says he, *nothing can be more pleasing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the description of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces*: thus, when she speaks of a stream softly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a sound, that brings on a quiet slumber, her lines flow without labour as smoothly as the rivulet

he describes. I may have altered the words of *Demetrius*, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general sense of his remark, which, if it be not rather specious than just, must induce us to think, that the poets of the *East* may vie with those of *Europe* in the *graces of their diction*, as well as in the *liveliness of their images*: but we must not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can please only by its descriptions of *beauty*; since the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *sublime*, when they are aptly described, are no where more common than in the *Desert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we see nothing so frequently painted by the poets of those countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and forests, rocks and wildernesses.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually conversant, to be *sublime* and *beautiful*, our next step must be, to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories are so likewise; for an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eastern* figures are common to other nations, but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be lost, if

they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and *the odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those, who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world. Again; it is very usual in all countries, to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation, who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning*, *their locks to the night*, *their faces to the sun*, *to the moon*, *or the blossoms of jasmine*, *their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit*, *their teeth to pearls*, *hail-stones*, and *snow-drops*, *their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus*, *their curled hair to black scorpions*, and *to hyacinths*, *their lips to rubies or wine*, *the form of their breasts to pomegranates* and *the colour of them to snow*, *their shape to that of a pine-tree*, and *their stature to that of a cy-*

*press, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c,** these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similies are very just and striking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew* †, and that of *a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.*

These are not the only advantages, which

* See *Noweiri*, cited by the very learned *Reiske*.

فشبهوا الجبين بالصباح والشعور بالليالي
والوجه بالشمس والقمر وشبهوا الخدود بالورد
والتفاح وشبهوا الثغور بالاقحوان والعيون
بالنرجس واللمم بالعقارب &c.

† See the *Arabick Miscellany*, entitled *Shecardán*, ch. 142

قال ابن الرومي
رايت البنفسج في روضة
واحداقه للندا شاهرة *
يحاكى بها الزهر زرق العيون
واجفانها بالبكا قاطرة *

the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of most other countries: they preserve to this day the manners and customs of their ancestors, who, by their own account, were settled in the province of *Yemen* above three thousand years ago; they have never been wholly subdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the First* made a descent on their coast, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a show of allegiance to the Sultan, and act, on every important occasion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the swiftness of their horses, and the vast extent of their forests, in which an invading enemy must soon perish: but here I must be understood to speak of those *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the coun-

try, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure, of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring: for we may apply to part of *Arabia* that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer-island*,

The gentle spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the sun, which must be very intense in a climate so near the Line, is tempered by the shade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of fresh streams, that flow down the mountains. Hence it is, that almost all their notions of *felicity* are taken from *freshness* and *verdure*: it is a maxim among them that the three most charming objects in nature are, * *a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman*, and that the view of these objects at the same time affords the greatest delight imaginable. *Mahomed* was so well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he described the pleasures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally signifies in *Arabick*: and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his

* See the life of *Tamerlane*, published by *Golius*, page 299.

الماء والخضرة والوجه الحسن

Alcoran, he mentions a garden, called *Irem*, which is no less celebrated by the *Asiatick* poets than that of the *Hesperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once seen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deserts in search of a lost camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impostor, as a type of a future state of happiness. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat disposes the *Eastern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leisure to cultivate their talents, or whether the sun has a real influence on the imagination (as one would suppose that the Ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry); whatever be the cause, it has always been remarked, that the *Asiatics* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the liveliness of their fancy, and the richness of their invention.

To carry this subject one step farther: as the *Arabians* are such admirers of *beauty*, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be susceptible of *that passion*, which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion; it seems to be always uppermost in their minds,

and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful, lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence almost all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatick shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a description of the horse or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not sufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unless they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their ex-

passions may be worthy of their sentiments; the *Arabians* have this advantage also in a high degree: their language is expressive, strong, sonorous, and the most copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almost every tribe had many words appropriated to itself, the poets, for the convenience of their measure, or sometimes for their singular beauty, made use of them all, and, as the poems became popular, these words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little streams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a most plentiful river, flow rapidly into the sea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the present case (and no single man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eastern* poetry from the poems themselves, because no single man has a privilege of judging for all the rest), if the foregoing argument have any weight, we must conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually conversant with the most beautiful objects, spending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the softer passions, and having the advantage of a language singularly adapted to poetry, must be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners* and *customs* be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly so, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondness of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the respect which they show to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occasions of rejoicing among them, were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical Academy, that used to assemble at stated times, in a place called *Ocadh*, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple, whence they were named *Modbabebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suspended*: the poems of this sort were called *Casseida's* or *eclogues*, * seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that

* These seven poems, clearly transcribed with explanatory

were written before the time of *Mahomed*. The fourth of them, composed by *Lebid*, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, because it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair *Novára* (a word, which in *Arabick* signifies a *timorous fawn*) but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag pursued by the hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will see by the following passage, which I shall attempt to imitate in verse, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly lost in a verbal translation:

*But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;*

notes, are among *Pocock's* manuscripts at *Oxford*, No. 164: the names of the seven poets are *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zobeir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Harath*. In the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript, containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being suspended in the temple at *Mecca*: this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient *Arabick* literature.

*Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
 And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
 Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming
 maid,
 Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
 We sip'd till morn'ing purpled ev'ry plain;
 The damsels slumber'd, but we sip'd again:
 The waking birds, that sung on ev'ry tree
 Their early notes, were not so blithe as we *.*

The *Mahomedan* writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems, among the old *Arabs*, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting

* In *Arabic*,

بل انت لا تدريين كم من ليلة
 طلق لذيذ اهوها وندامها
 قد بت سامرها وغاية تاجر
 وافيت ان رفعت وعز مدامها
 بصبح صافية وجذب كرينة
 بهواتر تاتا له معاً ابهامها
 باكرت حاجتها الدجاج بسحرة
 لاعل منها حين هب نيامها

at *Ocadb*, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and gave some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of *Mahomed*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion: *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those, which He confers**? These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till *Mahomed*, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his *Alcoran* (the second, I think), placed the opening of it by the side of *Lebid*'s poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of *Amralkeis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomed*: the *Asiatics* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged some time after, that no heathen poet had ever pre-

* In *Arabick*,

لا كل شيء ما خلا الله باطل
وكل نعيم لا مجاله زایل

duced a nobler distich than that of *Lebid* just quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the most famous of them is called *Hamâsa*, and contains a number of *epigrams*, *odes*, and *elegies*, composed on various occasions: it was compiled by *Abu Teman*, who was an excellent poet himself, and used to say, that *fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets and strings of pearls* *. When the religion and language of *Mahomed* were spread over the greater part of *Asia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a fashion for the poets of *Persia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mauritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabick*; and the most beautiful verses in that idiom, composed by the brightest genius's of those nations, are to be seen in a large miscellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of their works are transcribed separately: it will be needless to say much on the

* In *Arabick*,

انّ القواني والمساعي لم تزل
مثل النظم اذا اصاب فريدا
هي جوهر نثر فان الغته
فالشعر صار قلايدا وعقودا

poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, since most of the arguments, before used in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with respect to the other *Mahomedans*, who have done little more than imitate their style, and adopt their expressions; for which reason also I shall dwell the shorter time on the genius and manners of the *Persians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call PERSIA, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran*; since the word *Persia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Persis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but, in compliance with the custom of our geographers, I shall give the name of *Persia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one side between the *Caspian* and *Indian* seas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candabar*, or *Paropamisus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from south to north, and rather more from east to west.

In so vast a tract of land there must needs be a great variety of climates: the southern provinces are no less unhealthy and sultry, than those of the north are rude and unpleasant; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and, from the beginning of May to September, there is scarce a cloud to be

seen in the sky: the remarkable calmness of the summer nights, and the wonderful splendour of the moon and stars in that country, often tempt the *Persians* to sleep on the tops of their houses, which are generally flat, where they cannot but observe the figures of the constellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in some measure account for the perpetual allusions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to censure the oriental style for being so full of metaphors taken from the sun and moon: this is ascribed by some to the bad taste of the *Asiatics*; *the works of the Persians*, says *M. de Voltaire*, *are like the titles of their kings, in which the sun and moon are often introduced*: but they do not reflect, that every nation has a set of images, and expressions, peculiar to itself, which arise from the difference of its climate, manners, and history. There seems to be another reason for the frequent allusions of the *Persians* to the sun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country: thus *Mibridâd*, or *Mithridates*, signifies *the gift of the sun*, and answers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the *Eastern* monarchs, which seem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no less void of meaning than those of

European princes, in which *serenity* and *highness* are often attributed to the most *gloomy* and *low-minded* of men.

The midland provinces of *Persia* abound in fruits and flowers of almost every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Asia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any considerable river, since the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the farthest limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, supply that defect by artificial canals, which sufficiently temper the dryness of the soil; but in saying they *supply* that defect, I am falling into a common error, and representing the country, not as it *is* at present, but as it *was* a century ago; for a long series of civil wars and massacres have now destroyed the chief beauties of *Persia*, by stripping it of its most industrious inhabitants.

The same difference of climate, that affects the air and soil of this extensive country, gives a variety also to the persons and temper of its natives: in some provinces they have dark complexions, and harsh features; in others they are exquisitely fair, and well made; in some others, nervous and robust: but the general character of the nation is that *softness*, and *love of pleasure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made

them an easy prey to all the western and northern swarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial spirit; and, if they are not naturally brave, they are at least extremely docile, and might, with proper discipline, be made excellent foldiers: but the greater part of them, in the short intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, constantly sink into a state of inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable, yet studious retirement; and this may be one reason, why *Persia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly *poets*, than all *Europe* together, since their way of life gives them leisure to pursue those arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greatest calmness and serenity of mind. There is a manuscript at *Oxford**, containing *the lives of an hundred and thirty-five of the finest Persian poets*, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the versifiers, and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any such men to exist, are without number in *Persia*.

This delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected their language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, in

* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory discourse to this curious work, which comprises the lives of ten *Arabian poets*.

the world: it is not possible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a passage from a *Persian* poet in *European* characters; since the sweetness of sound cannot be determined by the sight, and many words, which are soft and musical in the mouth of a *Persian*, may appear harsh to our eyes, with a number of consonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be absurd to set down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafez*, which, if it be not sufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at least show the liveliness of his poetry.

Ai bad nesîmi yârdari,
Zan nefheî mushcbâr dari:
Zinbar mecun diraz-deşti!
Ba turreî o che câr dari?
Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeibash.
O taza, wa to kharbâr dari.
Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheşhmi mestesh?
O serkhosh, wa to khumâr dari.
Ai seru, to ba kaddi bulendesh,
Der bagh che iytelâr dari?
Ai akl, to ba wujûdi ishkeşh
De deşt che ikhtiyâr dari?
Riban, to cujâ wa kbatti sebzesh?
O mushc, wa to ghubâr dari.
Ruzi bures bewaşli Hafiz,
Gber takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word, *O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour. Beware! do not steal: what hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narcissus, what art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O wisdom, what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil, what art thou, to be compared with her fresh cheeks? They are perfect musk, but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day.* This little song is not unlike a sonnet ascribed to *Shakespeare*, which deserves to be cited here, as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the *European* as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide:

*“ Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,*

“ If not from my love’s breath? The purple pride,

“ Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

“ In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dyed.”

*The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
 And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,
 But scent or colour it had stol'n from thee.*

Shakespeare's Poems, p. 207.

The *Persian* style is said to be ridiculously bombast, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in *Asia* as elsewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the *Persian* language, we shall find that those authors, who are generally esteemed in *Persia*, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Bostán*, or, *The Garden*, will be a sufficient proof. *I have heard that king Nushirvan, just before his death, spoke thus to his son Hormuz: Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless; and be not confined in the chains of*

thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominion, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, It is enough. A wise man will not approve the shepherd, who sleeps, while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a king raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root.*

Are these mean sentiments, delivered in

* شنیدم که در وقت نزع روان
 بهرمز چنین گفت نوشیروان
 که خاطر نگهدار درویش باش
 نه در بند اسایش خویش باش
 نیاساید اندر دیار تو کس
 چو اسایش خویش خواهی وبس
 نیاید بنزدیک دانا پسند
 شبان خفته و کرک در کوسفند
 برو پاس درویش محتاج دار
 که شاه از رعیت بود تاجدار
 رعیت چو بیخست و سلطان درخت
 درخت ای پسر باشد از بیخ سخت

pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young king? Yet *Sadi's* poems are highly esteemed at *Constantinople*, and at *Ispahan*; though, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in *Europe*, for spreading with too strong a glare the light of liberty and reason.

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferdusi*, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise, to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnâma*, and contains the history of *Persia*, from the earliest times to the invasion of the *Arabs*, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an heroick poem of one great and interesting action, namely, *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* from the oppressions of *Afrasiab*, king of the *Transoxan Tartary*, who being assisted by the emperors of *India* and *China*, together with all the dæmons, giants and enchanters of *Asia*, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the *Persians*. This poem is longer than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profu-

sion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer*: that great father of the *Gre-cian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of *Persia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likenesses of a likeness*; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry*.

As the *Persians* borrowed their poetical measures, and the forms of their poems, from the *Arabians*, so the *TURKS*, when they had car-

ried their arms into *Mesopotamia* and *Assyria*, took their numbers and their taste for poetry from the *Persians*;

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*

In the same manner as the *Greek* compositions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, so were those of *Persia* imitated by the *Turks*, who considerably polished and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of simple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Persian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Montague* very justly observes, that *we want those compound words, which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language*; but her interpreters led her into a mistake in explaining one of them, which she translates *stag-eyed*, and thinks *a very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride*: now it never entered into the mind of an *Asiatick* to compare his mistress's eyes to those of a stag, or to give an image of their *fire and indifference*; the *Turks* mean to express that *fullness*, and, at the same time, that *soft and languishing lustre*, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means resembles the unpleasing wildness in those of a stag. The

original epithet, I suppose, was * *Abû cheshm*, or, *with the eyes of a young fawn*: now I take the *Abû* to be the same animal with the *Gazâl* of the *Arabians*, and the *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which their poets allude in almost every page. I have seen one of these animals; it is a kind of antelope, exquisitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the same sort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate simile: *Thy two breasts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies.*

A very polite scholar, who has lately translated sixteen Odes of *Hafiz*, with learned illustrations, blames the *Turkish* poets for copying the *Persians* too servilely: but, surely, they are not more blameable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the measures and expressions of the *Greeks*, but even translated, almost word for word, the brightest passages of *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and others; he took less from *Pindar* than from the rest, because the wildness of his numbers, and the obscurity of his allusions, were by

* This epithet seems to answer to the Greek ἐλκυσμῖς, which our grammarians properly interpret *Quæ nigris oculis decora est et venusta*: if it were permitted to make any innovations in a dead language, we might express the *Turkish* adjective by the word ἐδρυμῖς, which would, I dare say, have sounded agreeably to the *Greeks* themselves.

no means fuitable to the genius of the *Latin* language: and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *Julius Antonius*, who might have advised him to use more of *Pindar's* manner in celebrating the victories of *Augustus*. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the *Turkish* empire has produced a great number of poets; some of whom had no small merit in their way: the ingenious author just mentioned assured me, that the *Turkish* satires of *Rubi Bagdadi* were very forcible and striking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which seemed not unlike the manner of *Juvenal*. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at *Constantinople*, containing the finest verses of *five hundred and forty-nine Turkish poets*, which proves at least that they are singularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it.

The descendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language and poetry of the *Persians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compose their verses in imitation of them. The best of their works, that have passed through my hands, are those of *Huzein*, who lived some years ago at *Benares*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *English*, who resided there, by the name of *the Philosopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and

one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would suit our language admirably well, but it is too long to be inserted in this essay. The *Indians* are soft and voluptuous, but artful and insincere, at least to the *Europeans*, whom, to say the truth, they have had no great reason of late years to admire for the opposite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Persians*, and may, perhaps, before the close of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *English*.

I must request, that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of *Asia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables: and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the *Asiatics*, which are repositied in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the *Eastern* nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be opened for specu-

lation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind; we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate.

ESSAY

ON

THE ARTS,

COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

IT is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superior genius: one of these is the assertion of *Aristotle*, that *all poetry consists in imitation*, which has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and criticks, who have written upon the subject of *poetry, musick, and painting*, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely *imitative*: yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest

poems, pieces of musick, and pictures, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from imitation. M. le Batteux has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be said of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *musick* had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both *poetical* and *musical*, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* seems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *musicians* both by nature and by art: as in some *Mahometan* nations; where *sculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing arts, *of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *musick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry* and *musick*; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous re-

marks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It seems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a strong and animated expression of the human passions, of *joy* and *grief*, *love* and *hate*, *admiration* and *anger*, sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the *voice* and *accents* of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *measure*; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whose talent is chiefly conversant about *praise* or *censure*; and we may collect from several passages in *Tully*, that the fine speakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in *praising the Deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from

bursting into an extasy of *joy*, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This *kind of poetry* is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of *Bacchus*; so that the only species of poetical composition (if we except the *Epick*) which can in any sense be called *imitative*, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon personal *beauty*: hence arose the most agreeable *odes*, and love-songs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our *sonnets* and *madrigals*, with the insipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but simple, tender, natural; and consisting of such unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* *Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille*
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

* Two lines of *Tasso*.

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinements of society, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the passion of love so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it *.

The *grief* which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their *detestation* of it in the strongest manner, and to show their *resentment* against the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

* See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and translated by *Boileau*.

Where there is vice, which is *detestable* in itself, there must be *bate*, since *the strongest antipathy in nature*, as Mr. Pope asserted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *subsists between the good and the bad*: now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, since the *Satire* of the Romans was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra**, intimating, that the poem, like *a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have several examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very measures and manner of *Archilochus*,

These are the principal sources of *poetry*; and of *musick* also, as it shall be my endeavour to shew: but it is first necessary to say a few words on *the nature of sound*; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the *vibrations of chords*, or the *undulations of the air*, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between *a common sound*, and *a musical sound*, which consists chiefly in this, that the

* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

former is simple and entire in itself like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole system of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have also their own harmonicks, which are dissonant from the principal note: these horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

—— to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet,

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced, *in a common voice*, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such

an expression of the passion will be *genuine poetry*; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense: but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a *musical voice* (that is, in sounds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*), if it were sung in due time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be *pure and original musick*; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an *imitation* of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which *musick* must resemble *poetry*, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in *musick*. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear; now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have;

and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a *series of sounds relating to one leading note* is called a *mode*, or a *tone*, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, arising from the position of the *modal* note, and from some minute difference in the ratio's, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprizing effect in *modulation*, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

The *modes* of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, because of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of

poetry, and a particular instrument; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Lacrian*, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the *Phrygian mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, which, if we believe *Aristoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, was probably confined to the pathetick and tragick style: that these modes had a relation to poetry, as well as to music, appears from a fragment of *Lafus*, in which he says, *I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity*; and *Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian song*. If the *Greeks* surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor scale*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the modal note, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of grief and affliction: the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the high-

est degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent *Pergoleſi* in his *Stabat Mater*. Now theſe twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the ſentiment changes, may, it is evident, expreſs all the variations in the voice of a ſpeaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Conſiſtently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent paſſions, expreſſed in exact meaſure, with ſtrong accents and ſignificant words*; and *true muſick* to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a ſucceſſion of harmonious ſounds, ſo diſpoſed as to pleaſe the ear*. It is in this view only that we muſt conſider the muſick of the ancient *Greeks*, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the graveſt hiſtorians, and philoſophers; it was wholly paſſionate or deſcriptive, and ſo cloſely united to poetry, that it never obſtructed, but always increaſed its influence; whereas our boated harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expreſſes nothing, ſays nothing to the heart, and conſequently can only give more or leſs pleaſure to one of our ſenſes; and no reaſonable man will ſeriouſly prefer a tranſitory pleaſure, which muſt ſoon end in ſatiety, or even in diſguſt, to a delight of the ſoul, ariſing from ſympathy, and founded on the na-

tural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of musick into *celestial* and *earthly*; *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorial*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between *musick of mere sounds*, and the *musick of the passions*, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that musick, which took its rise from *the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body*, and the second, of that, which rose from *the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions*: to decide, as *Rousseau* says, whether of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have described what it really *was* among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Persians*.

The lamentation of *David*, and his sacred odes, or psalms, the song of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is *really* joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyric verses of *Alcæus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moschus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet *Alcæus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moschus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. *Aristotle* himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it:

“ O virtue, who proposest many labours to the
 “ human race, and art still the alluring object of
 “ our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess,
 “ it was always an envied happiness in Greece
 “ even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the
 “ most afflicting evils: such are the immortal
 “ fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits,
 “ more precious than gold, more sweet than the
 “ love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Her-
 “ cules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda,
 “ sustained many labours, and by their illustrious
 “ actions sought thy favour; for love of thee,

“ *Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of*
 “ *Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the*
 “ *prince of Atarnea also was deprived of the*
 “ *sun’s light: therefore shall the muses, daughters*
 “ *of memory, render him immortal for his glorious*
 “ *deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality,*
 “ *and the honours due to a lasting friendship.”*

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some *Eastern* fables, some *odes*, a *panegyrick*, and an *elegy*; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least *imitation* in either of them: *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real *grief*, and the *Persian* poet was too sincere a lover, to *imitate* the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an *imitation* than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise; since many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *history* told in a regular measure.

What has been said of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *musick*, which is *poetry*, dressed to advantage; and even to *painting*, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of considering them will set the refinements of modern artists in their

true light; for the *passions*, which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expressed the one in an *acrostick*, or the other in a *fugue*: these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly *imitative*, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some *passion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various representations of the *crucifixion* by the finest masters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *sacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes* was affecting to the highest degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be said to *imitate*, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from *sympathy*.

It is asserted also that *descriptive* poetry, and *descriptive* musick, as they are called, are strict *imitations*; but, not to insist that mere *description* is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to

visible objects: and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous *fugues, counterfugues, and divisions*, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern musick: even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook, or the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally apprised before-hand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises, but, if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of *poetry, musick, and painting*, which relate to the passions, affect by *sympathy*, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of *substitution*, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar

to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the sentiment is varied: he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes; and he will place the *tenour* generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the *passions* only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while *description* can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all

visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety. but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by *imitating* the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that *great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.*

As the *passions* are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is

obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from *sympathy* or *substitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform standard of taste*; since the *passions*, and, consequently, *sympathy*, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, musick, and painting, are expressive of the *passions*, and operate on our minds by *sympathy*; that the inferior parts of them are *descriptive* of natural *objects*, and affect us chiefly by *substitution*; that the expressions of *love*, *pity*, *desire*, and the *tender* passions, as well as the *descriptions* of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* passions, as well as objects, which are *unpleasing* to the

senses, are productive of the *sublime*, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

THE MUSE RECALLED,

A N O D E

ON THE NUPTIALS OF

LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP

AND

MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES LORD LUCAN,

MARCH VI, MDCCCLXXXI.

THE MUSE RECALLED,

AN ODE.

RETURN, celestial Muse,
By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues;
Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung,
Bold I reclaim: but ah, sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call . . . What charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long-unwaken'd shell?

Haste! the well-wrought * basket bring,
Which two sister Graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the slow-descending sun
Gilt the bow'rs of WIMBLEDON.

* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin,
decked a basket with ribbands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

In the vase mysterious fling
 Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,
 Daughters fair of early spring,
 Laughing sweet with sapphire eye,
 Or with Iris' mingled dyes ;
 Then around the basket go,
 Tripping light with silent pace,
 While, with solemn voice and slow
 Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace
 On the silken texture bright,
 Character'd in beamy light,
 Names of more than mortal pow'r,
 Sweetest influence to diffuse ;
 Names, that from her shadiest bow'r
 Draw the soft reluctant muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
 The name of Her, whom for this festive day
 With zone and mantle elegantly gay
 The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
 MOLESWORTH . . . hark ! a swelling note
 Seems on Zephyr's wing to float,
 Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd ?
 Next Her, who braided many a flow'r
 To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,
 BINGHAM, with gentle heart and aspect mild ;
 The charm prevails . . . I hear, I hear
 Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.

Still, ye nymphs and youths, advance,
 Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
 Mingle still the mazy dance.
 Two names of unresisted pow'r,
 Behold, in radiant characters I write:
 O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,
 For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
 DUNCANNON*, heav'nly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE† invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
 Heard ye not a warbled strain?
 Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,
 Shall his ancient sound regain.
 One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
 She comes . . . how swift th' impatient air
 Drinks the rising accent sweet!
 Soon the charm shall be complete.
 Return, and wake the silent string;
 Return, sweet Muse, for ALTHORP bids me sing.
 'Tis she . . . and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
 Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,
 Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
 Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
 O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam:
 Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
 Like thee serenely fair,

* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John earl Spencer, and wife of the lord viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the earl of Besborough.

† Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth duke of Devonshire.

By love united and the nuptial vow,
Thou seest the mirthful train
Dance to th' unlabour'd strain,
Seest bound with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night,
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of delight.

And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with ev'ry gift that Jove bestows,
With ev'ry joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.
Flow smoothly, circling hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour ;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow'rs,
Till time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no more.

Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose,
LAVINIA's * pencil shall disclose
New forms of dignity and grace,
Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,
The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
To some poetick tale fresh beauty give,
And bid the starting tablet rise and live ;

* Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historick subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

Or with swift fingers shall she touch the strings,
And in the magick loom of harmony
Notes of such wond'rous texture weave,
As lifts the soul on seraph wings,
Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,
Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd leave.

While thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muse and by the poet lov'd,
ALTHORP, shouldst emulate the fame
Of Roman patriots and th' Athenian name ;
Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
With all thy * mother's grace, and all thy father's sense,
Th' applauding senate ; whilst, above thy head,
Exulting Liberty should smile,
Then, bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-ey'd Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.
But ah ! thy publick virtues, youth, are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's sons with frantick rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate ; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold !
They, on starry pinions sailing
Through the crystal fields of air,
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care :

* Georgiana Poyntz countess Spencer.

Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantick deep
A dome by viewless genii shall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblaz'd :
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand ;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel ;
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel !

Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And Arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heav'nly beams diffuse.

She ceases ; and a strange delight

Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear :

What floods of glory drown my sight !

What scenes I view ! What sounds I hear !

This for my friend . . . but, gentle nymphs, no more

Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall :

Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,

Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.

Ah, see how lifeless hangs the lyre,

Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire !

Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high

Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

AN
ODE
IN IMITATION OF
ALCÆUS.

Οὐ λῖθοι, ὦδ' ξύλα, ὦδ'
 Τίχην τεκτόνων αἰ πόλις εἶσιν,
 Ἄλλ' ὅπ' ὅτ' ἄν ὦσιν ἌΝΔΡΕΣ
 Αὐτὸς σώζειν εἰδότες,
 Ἐλευθευε τίχην καὶ πόλιν.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a State ?
 Not high-rai'd battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,
 With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;

Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :
These constitute a State,
And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will*,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling *Crown*
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore !
No more shall Freedom smile ?
Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more ?
Since all must life resign,
'Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Abergatenny,
March 31, 1781.

AN
O D E
IN IMITATION OF
CALLISTRATUS.

Ἐν μύρῳ κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀρισγείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανίτην
Ἰσινόμης, τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποισάτην.

κ. τ. λ.

Idè si post *Idús* illas *Martias* à *Tyrannoctonis* quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset, inque *Suburram* et fori circulos et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profectò fuisset de partibus deque dominatione *Cæsarium*; plus mehercule valuisset unum *Ἀρμόδιου* μίλος quàm *Ciceronis Philippicæ* omnes.

LOWTH *De Sacrà Poesi*, Præl. I.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreathe :
Soon shall grace each manly side
Tubes that speak and points that breathe.
Thus, *Harmodius*, shone thy blade !
Thus, *Aristogiton*, thine !
Whose, when BRITAIN sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine ?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead,

You with fleet *Pelides* rest,
And with godlike *Diomed*.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade intwine :

Such, *Harmodius*, deck'd thy side !
Such, *Aristogiton*, thine !

They the base *Hipparchus* slew
At the feast for *Pallas* crown'd :

Gods ! how swift their poniards flew !
How the monster ting'd the ground !

Then in *Athens* all was Peace,
Equal Laws and Liberty :

Nurse of Arts, and eye of *Greece* !
People valiant, firm, and free !

Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth, fix'd in Virtue's cause ;

Not less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox, friend to *Equal Laws* !

High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See *Fitz Maurice* beaming stand,

For collected Virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand !

Ne'er shall fate their eyelids close :
They, in blooming regions blest,

With *Harmodius* shall repose,
With *Aristogiton* rest.

Noblest Chiefs, a Hero's crown
Let th' *Athenian* patriots claim :
You less fiercely won renown ;
You assum'd a milder name.
They thro' blood for glory strove,
You more blissful tidings bring ;
They to death a *Tyrant* drove,
You to fame *restor'd* a KING.
Rise, BRITANNIA, dauntless rise !
Cheer'd with triple Harmony,
Monarch good, and *Nobles* wise,
People valiant, firm, and FREE !

May 14, 1782.

AD
LIBERTATEM
*CARMEN**

VIRTUS renascens quem jubet ad sonos
Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam ?
 Quis fortium cætûs in auras
 Ætherias juvenum ciebit,
Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis
Flavâ in palæstrâ conspicuos comis ;
 Aut alma Libertas in undis
 Egelidis agiles vedebat,
Cæleste ridens ? Quis modulabitur
Excelsa plectro carmina Lesbio ;
 Quæ dirus, Alcæo sonante,
 Audiit et tremuit dynastes ?
Quis myrteâ ensem fronde reconditum
Cantabit ? Illum, civibus Harmodi
 Dilecte servatis, tenebas :
 Tuque fidelis Aristogiton.

* It may be proper, though unnecessary, to inform the classical reader, that some stanzas of this Alcaick are little more than a liberal translation from Collins's Ode to Liberty.

Vix se refrænat fulmineus chalybs :
Mox igne divino emicat, exilit ;
Et cor reluctantis tyranni
Perforat ictibus haud remissis :
O ter placentem Palladi victimam !
Nec tu minorem Roma dabas Jovi ;
Ex ore cum Bruti sonaret,
Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis,
Vox grata Divis,—grataque Tullio !
Ah ! lacrymarum ne scatebræ fluant,
Afflicta Libertas, tuarum :
(O pudor ! O miseri Quirites !)
Vafri tacebo carnificis dolos,
Cui nomen Augusto impia plebs dedit ;
Fletura et infandas Neronum
Nequitias odiosiorum.
Nolo tyrannorum improbioribus
Sanctum inquinari nominibus melos,
Quos turpis ætas in Latinæ
Dedecus exitiumque gentis
Produxit. His te, Diva, furentibus,
Ad templa cæli et sidereas domos
Vidit jugatis subvolantem
Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.
At Roma, vasti molibus imperi
Sublata, centum nubila brachiis
Differt, colosseoque Olympi
Vertice verticibus minatur.

Sed, fervidi instar diluvii ruens,
Septem relictis turba trionibus
Formidosorum gigantum
Hesperios populatur agros.
Qui plurimo conamine, plurimis
Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,
Vix diro anhelantesque frenden—
—tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.
Gens, te remotâ, nulla diu potest
Florere. Mox tu purpureas, Dea,
Sedes reliquisti piorum,
Ausa novas habitare terras.
Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens
Colles apricos, et nemora aureo
Splendore malorum coronans,
Te coluit,—coluitque musas;
Casura amatâ, (væ miseræ!) manu.
At tu petebas pratula mollium
Pisarum, olivetumque Lucæ,
Et scopulos tenuis Marini.
Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,
Dux gloriosæ gemmifer Adriæ;
Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,
Cæruleum Thetidos cubile.
Post exulem te, nobilis insula,
Tutis recepit Corsica rupibus:
Quâ Marte non uno subactâ,
Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis.

Nunc te nivasas, Diva, libentius
Quæro per Alpes; durus ubi gelu.
 Helvetius frangit ligone, aut
 Remigiis agitat Lemanum :
Quæro per urbes, dona maris, novas.
Et fida sacris tecta ciconiis :
 Quæro paludosos per agros,
 Et validæ saliceta gentis ;
Quæ fulmen Albani haud timuit ducis.
Hinc pulsa migras ? quo, Dea, quo fugis ?
 Ah ! grata dilectis Britannis
 Nympha, tuos video recessûs.
Olim, hæc recluisit musa vetustior :
Inter feracis littora Galliæ
 Interque divisum Albionis
 Nulla solum resonabat unda :
At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,
Saxis verendas ad Doroberniæ
 Sedes adornati ambulabant
 Glandiferâ Druidæ coronâ.
Tunc æstuentes ad mare Suevicum
Fluctus ruebant tramite dissito,
 Quo belluosis horret Orcas,
 Montibus et glaciata Thule.
Sed mox resurgens oceanus manum
Effert minacem ; et, dum croceum æthera
 Scindunt percussis procellæ
 Fulguribus, valido tridente

Divellit agros dissociabiles :

Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,

Silvisque, et arvis, et sonoris

Amnibus egregiè triumphans.

Gemmata multâ tum Thetis insulâ

Risît : sacratis Mona, parens mea,

Ornata quercetis refulsit ;

Et zephyro recreata Vectis.

Hæc facta nutu, Diva potens, tuo :

Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagæ

Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,

Nobile perfugium, eligebas ;

Remota Gallis :—Galli etenim truces,

(Psychen ut antêhac barbari amabilem,)

Te reppulerunt exulantem ;

Gens meritas luitura pænas !

Tunc, in recessu fertilis insulæ

Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis

Fanum smaragdis emicabat

Consitum et ætheriis pyropis.

Ventura jam tum fama Britannia,

Mirâ arte, miris picta coloribus,

Postesque et excelsum lacunar,

Et variam irradiabat aulam,

Depictus ense protulit et stylum

Sidneius ; heros, quem neque judicis

Vultus, nec infamis tyranni

Terruit ira diu reposta.

Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra
Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis
Te, nuda Libertas, videnti
Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit :
Nunc templo in ipso, (quâ radiat vector
Orâ, profani, dicere,) vatibus
Insertus heroumque turmæ
Verba canit recitanda Divis.
O nympha ! mæstam grata Britanniam
Ni tu revisas, percita civium
Non mite nepenthes levabit
Corda, salutiferumve moly.
Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,
Te thure templisque urget America :
Audis ; Atlanteumque pennis
Ire paras levibus per æquor.
Ah ! ne roseta et flumina deseras
Dilecta nuper : nam piget,—heu piget
Martis nefasti fratricidæ,
Imperiique malè arrogati.
Iam, veris instar, præniteas novo
Pacata vultu : Pax tibi sit comes ;
Quæ blanda civilis duelli
Sopiat ignivomos dracones.
Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus,
Nectat choream læta Britannia.
Neu mitis absit, jam solutis
Mercibus, haud violanda Ierne.

O! quæ paratur copia fulminis,
Centum repositi navibus, improbos
Gallos et audaces Iberos,
Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.

Idibus Martiis,
MDCCLXXX.

LETTRE

À

MONSIEUR A * * * DU P * * * .

DANS LAQUELLE EST COMPRIS

L'EXAMEN

DE SA TRADUCTION DES LIVRES

ATTRIBUÉS À

ZOROASTRE

——— Beatus Fannius ultrò
Delatis capsis, et imagine.

Hon.

LETTRE

À

MONSIEUR A*** DU P***.

NE soyez point surpris, Monsieur, de recevoir cette lettre d'un inconnu, qui aime les vrais talens et qui fait apprécier les vôtres.

Souffrez qu'on vous félicite de vos heureuses découvertes. Vous avez souvent prodigué votre précieuse vie; vous avez franchi des mers orageuses, des montagnes remplies de tigres; vous avez flétri votre teint, que vous nous dites, avec autant d'élégance que de modestie, avoir été composé *de lis et de roses*; vous avez essuyé des maux encore plus cruels; et tout cela uniquement pour le bien de la littérature, et de ceux qui ont le rare bonheur de vous ressembler.

Vous avez appris deux langues anciennes, que l'Europe entière ignorait*; vous avez rap-

* Ce n'est point par affectation qu'on suit ici l'orthographe de M. de Voltaire. Ce grand écrivain qui a rendu tant de service à sa langue, a certainement raison, lorsqu'il dit qu'on doit écrire comme

porté en France le fruit de vos travaux, les livres du célèbre Zoroastre ; vous avez charmé le public par votre agréable traduction de cet ouvrage ; et vous avez atteint le comble de votre ambition, ou plutôt l'objet de vos ardens désirs ; vous êtes Membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions.

Nous respectons, comme nous le devons, cette illustre et savante Académie : mais vous méritez, ce nous semble, un titre plus distingué.

Christophe Colomb ne découvrit qu'un nouveau monde, rempli de bêtes féroces, d'hommes plus féroces qu'elles, et de quelques mines de ce métal jaune, que vous avez prudemment négligé : mais pour vous, Monsieur, vous avez cherché une nouvelle religion, laissant aux hommes oisifs le soin de cultiver la leur. Les saints pères de votre chère patrie n'ont jamais affronté tant de périls, pour avancer le vrai culte, que vous en avez eff. yé pour découvrir le faux.

Plus grand voyageur que Cadmus, vous avez rapporté, comme lui, de nouveaux caractères, et de nouveaux dieux. Nous disons de *nouveaux dieux*, car vous n'avez pas oublié, Monsieur, celui que vous volâtes dans une pagode près de Keneri.

on parle, pourvu qu'on ne choque pas trop l'usage, et qu'étant très-dévoit à St. François, il a voulu le distinguer des Français.

A parler franchement, on doit vous faire pour le moins l'Archimage, ou grand prêtre des Guébres, d'autant plus que, dans ce nouveau poste, vous auriez l'occasion de mettre un peu plus de *feu* dans vos écrits.

Voyageur, Savant, Antiquaire, Héros, *Libelliste*, quels titres ne méritez-vous pas? On se contente de vous offrir celui qu'Horace donnait à Fannius dans l'épigraphe de cette lettre, que vous avez lue, sans peut-être vous douter de la justesse de l'application. Comme lui vous vous applaudissez sans mesure; vous voilà *beatus*: vous avez déposé vos manuscrits à la bibliothèque royale; voilà *delatis capsis*; sans y être invité; voilà *ultro*: et pour rendre la comparaison plus juste, vous nous donnez souvent votre portrait (*imaginem*) duquel vous paraîsez fort épris. Mais Fannius était Poète, et par malheur il s'en faut de beaucoup, à la fiction près, que vous le foyez.

Vous avez certainement de plus hautes prétentions; sacrifier au bien public les dons les plus brillans de la nature est toute autre chose que de cueillir quelques lauriers sur le Parnasse; et vous ne nous laissez point ignorer ces sacrifices. Dans votre premier volume, à la vingtième page*, vous nous contez ce que vous

* On ne citera plus les pages de ce livre, qui ne sera lu de personne.

fouffrîtes pour “ *l’impertinence d’un jeune homme*
 “ *bien fait, et d’une très-jolie figure, dont l’air dé-*
 “ *daigneux avait indigné les passagers ; ils enga-*
 “ *gèrent, dites-vous, deux matelots à le plonger*
 “ *dans la mer, lorsqu’ils le porteraient à terre en*
 “ *sortant de la chaloupe ; ce qui étoit très-social*
 “ *On exécuta cette commission obligeante ; mais,*
 “ *par une erreur dont vous fûtes la victime, et*
 “ *dont vous n’étiez pas trop fâché, on vous prit*
 “ *pour le beau damoiseau, et on vous étendit sur le*
 “ *sable, dans un endroit où il y avait quatre pieds*
 “ *d’eau. Vous fûtes le premier à rire de la mé-*
 “ *prise ;*” et avec grande raison, puisqu’elle de-
 vait vous servir à constater les charmes que vous
 possédiez avant votre laborieux pèlerinage.

Oh ! vous avez eu raison de nous faire part
 de cette anecdote : il importe très-fort, à ceux
 qui veulent s’instruire des lois de la Perse, de
 savoir, qu’au mois de Juin 1755 vous res-
 sembliez à un petit-maître amoureux de soi-
 même.

Nous citerons un autre passage dans vos pro-
 pres paroles aussi modestes que bien choisies.
 “ *L’objet, dites-vous, qui m’amenait dans l’Inde,*
 “ *parut en lui-même beau, mais peu important ; et,*
 “ *si l’on me fit la grâce de ne me pas regarder*
 “ *comme un joli imposteur, qui s’était servi de ce*
 “ *prétexte pour venir dans cette contrée tenter*
 “ *fortune, on crut d’un autre côté que le même*

*“ coup de soleil, qui ferait disparaître les roses de
“ mon teint, dissiperait mes premières idées.”*

On ignore, Monsieur, ce que l'on pouvait penser à Pondichéri, sur la beauté, on sur l'importance de l'objet qui vous y amenait, mais on peut vous assurer, qu'en Europe on ne vous prend pas au moins pour un *joli* imposteur.

Permettez maintenant, Monsieur, qu'on vous dise sérieusement ce que des gens de lettres pensent de votre entreprise, de vos voyages, de vos trois gros volumes, et de votre savoir que vous vantez avec si peu de réserve. Dans le cours de cet examen, on ne pourra s'empêcher de faire quelques réflexions sur la manière dont vous en usez à la fin de votre discours préliminaire, avec ceux qui méritent votre respect et votre reconnaissance.

On doit aimer le vrai savoir: mais toutes choses ne valent pas la peine d'être sues. Il est inconcevable que dans un siècle, où tous les arts se perfectionnent, et toutes les sciences s'épurent, ce qu'on appelle la littérature en général, soit, par faute de choix, presque barbare. On fait la profondeur des mers, on fait les lois et la marche de la nature, on fait ce qui se passe dans toutes les parties du monde habitable; et on ignore combien de choses on ne doit pas savoir.

Socrate disait, en voyant l'étalage d'un bijou-

tier, “ De combien de choses je n’ai pas besoin ! ” On peut de même s’écrier, en contemplant les ouvrages de nos érudits, Combien de connaissances il m’importe peu d’acquérir !

Si vous aviez fait cette dernière réflexion, vous n’auriez pas affronté la mort pour nous procurer des lumières inutiles.

La curiosité du public et des savans au sujet de Zoroastre cessa dès qu’on eut vu quelques lambeaux de ses prétendus ouvrages dans le Saddar, et dans d’autres livres, écrits en Perfan par des Mages qui étaient assurément plus à portée de les faire connaître qu’un Européen *au teint de rose*.

On possédait déjà plusieurs traités attribués à Zerdusht ou Zeratusht, traduits en Perfan moderne ; de prétendues conférences de ce législateur avec Ormuzd, des prières, des dogmes, des lois religieuses. Quelques savans, qui ont lu ces traductions, nous ont assuré que les originaux étaient de la plus haute antiquité, parce qu’ils renfermaient beaucoup de platitudes, de bévues, et de contradictions : mais nous avons conclu par les mêmes raisons, qu’ils étaient très-modernes, ou bien qu’ils n’étaient pas d’un homme d’esprit, et d’un philosophe, tel que Zoroastre est peint par nos historiens. Votre nouvelle traduction, Monsieur, nous confirme dans ce jugement : tout le collège des Guèbres aurait

beau nous l'affurer; nous ne croirons jamais que le charlatan le moins habile ait pu écrire les fa-
daïses dont vos deux derniers volumes sont remplis.

Mais supposons, pour un moment, que ce recueil de galimatias contienne réellement les lois et la religion des anciens Perses; était-ce la peine d'aller si loin pour nous en instruire? Croyez-nous, Monsieur, vous auriez mieux fait de vous en tenir à vos belles lois féodales, et à votre religion Romaine, qu'apparemment vous chérissiez. Vous auriez pu être un grand Avocat, si vous parlez aussi bien que vous écrivez; ou un excellent scholastique, avec tant soit peu plus d'orgueil.

Nous dirons même, et nous le dirons hardiment, que, s'il était possible de recouvrer tous les livres de Lycurgue, de Zaleucus, de Charondas, et s'ils ne contenaient rien de nouveau et d'intéressant, leur antiquité ne les ferait pas valoir; ils ne serviraient qu'à satisfaire la ridicule curiosité de quelques fainéans, et n'influeraient nullement au bonheur des hommes, lequel doit, sans contredit, être le but de la véritable littérature.

Daignez-vous rappeler le passage suivant dans un des opuscules de M. de Voltaire; quoi qu'en général nous n'aimions pas les citations, nous faisons gloire d'adopter les pensées de cet illustre

écrivain, l'honneur de la France : *Enfin*, dit-il, dans ce recueil de cent portes ou préceptes tirés du livre de Zende, et où l'on rapporte même les propres paroles de l'ancien Zoroastre, quels devoirs moraux sont-ils prescrits? Celui d'aimer, de secourir son père et sa mère, de faire l'aumône aux pauvres, de ne jamais manquer à sa parole, de s'abstenir quand on est dans le doute si l'action qu'on va faire est juste ou non. Malheur au pays qui se trouve obligé de faire chercher ces préceptes dans la Zone brûlante ! et d'ailleurs trouve-t-on rien d'aussi sensé dans vos trois *in quarto* ?

Si ces raisonnemens, Monsieur, ne portent pas absolument à faux, il en résulte que votre objet n'était ni *beau* ni *important* ; que l'Europe éclairée n'avoit nul besoin de votre Zende Vasta ; que vous l'avez traduit à pure perte ; et que vous avez prodigué inutilement pendant dix-huit ans un temps qui devait vous être précieux.

Mais direz-vous, “ j'ai voulu apprendre deux “ langues anciennes, qu'aucun Européen n'a sues “ avant moi.” Quelle petite gloire que de savoir ce que personne ne fait, et n'a que faire de savoir ! on ne veut pas cependant vous priver de cette gloire : personne ne vous la disputera. On veut même croire que vous avez dans la tête plus de mots Zendes, c'est-à-dire, plus de mots durs, traînans, barbares, que tous les sa-

vans de l'Europe. Ne savez-vous pas que les langues n'ont aucune valeur intrinsèque? et qu'un érudit pourrait savoir par cœur tous les dictionnaires qui ont jamais été compilés, et pourrait bien n'être à la fin du compte que le plus ignorant des mortels?

D'ailleurs, êtes-vous bien sûr que vous possédez les anciennes langues de la Perse? Ignorez-vous qu'une langue ne saurait être comprise dans un seul ouvrage? Que tel homme qui lirait assez couramment les livres de Moïse en Hébreu, avec le secours d'un Juif, ne comprendrait rien dans le Cantique des Cantiques sans ce secours; et quand il le comprendrait, il n'en ferait pas plus avancé pour l'intelligence des fables de Sandabar, écrites dans le même dialecte? On ne possède une langue que lorsqu'on a lu un nombre infini de livres écrits dans cet idiome. C'est pourquoi on n'aurait jamais su l'Hébreu sans la langue Arabe, où presque toutes ses racines se sont conservées. Par la même raison on ne saura jamais, ne vous en déplaise, les anciens dialectes de la Perse, tandis qu'ils n'existent que dans les prétendus livres de Zoroastre, qui d'ailleurs sont remplis de répétitions inutiles.

“ Mais,” direz-vous, “ me soupçonne-t-on “ d'avoir voulu tromper le public?” Non, Monsieur, *on ne dit pas cela*. Vous vous êtes trompé vous-même. Il était possible d'appren-

dre les caractères Zendes sans sortir de l'Europe ; il était facile de traduire en Français ce que le révérend Docteur Darab vous dicta en Persan moderne, en le comprenant, peut-être, très-peu lui-même : mais vous copiez ce ridicule Phébus ; vous apprenez quelques centaines de beaux mots Zendiques ; et à votre retour en France vous vous donnez comme le premier qui ait su la langue de Darius Hytaspes, et le seul qui se soit avisé d'écrire *sur la Perse, et sur l'Inde*.

On passera légèrement sur vos voyages, on croit que vous avez assez appuyé vous-même sur ce sujet. On observera seulement, en passant, qu'ils ne ressemblent pas à ceux d'un homme de lettres ; et on se hâte d'examiner la manière dont vous les décrivez, qui n'est pas celle dont M. Chardin et M. Bernier ont écrit avant vous *sur la Perse, et sur l'Inde*.

Vous paraîsez sentir vous-même le mérite de votre *discours préliminaire*. “ C'est un hors-œuvre, dites-vous, que je puis avoir tort de risquer.” Eh ! pourquoi donc en importuner le public ? Un auteur a beau s'excuser sur les défauts d'un ouvrage qu'il aurait dû corriger ou jeter au feu : mais pour vous, Monsieur, si vous avez manqué à vous faire cette justice, on doit vous pardonner ; vous avez, peut-être, craint de profaner l'élément sacré dont vous vous déclarez l'Apôtre. On louerait même votre piété,

si votre rhapsodie était d'une longueur raisonnable ; mais est-elle une réparation suffisante pour ceux qui ont entrepris la tâche de lire plus de cinq cents pages de détails puérils, de descriptions dégoûtantes, de mots barbares, et de fatires aussi injustes que grossières ?

Vous direz, sans doute, que vous n'avez employé que dix-huit ans à nous compiler ce fatras, qui nous fait bâiller, et nous indigne à chaque page. Souffrez qu'à ce propos on vous répète un bon mot du Comte de Rochester, que M. Dryden rapporte dans son *parallele entre la poésie et la peinture* : un poète, parlant à ce Seigneur de sa tragédie, dit qu'il n'avait mis que trois semaines à la composer ; Comment diable, répondit-il, y avez-vous mis si long temps ?

Vous vous souvenez, peut-être, du proverbe cité par M. de Voltaire dans sa lettre au chapelain du roi de Suède, *Toutes vérités ne sont pas bonnes à dire*. Permettez qu'on y ajoute cette maxime : Celui qui prétend amuser ou instruire le public, doit le respecter trop pour l'importuner de toutes ses petitesesses, et ne doit lui présenter que des choses épurées et triées parmi toutes ses connaissances.

Il semble, à la vérité, que cette maxime n'est pas généralement adoptée ; car dès qu'un écolier a ramassé quelques lieux communs pitoyables, il lâche aussitôt les écluses de son grand

favoir sur le public, qui s'en trouve à présent inondé: et à la honte du siècle ces niaiseries trouvent quelquefois des lecteurs. Voilà le bien qu'a produit le bel art de l'imprimerie ! Tout ceci ne vous regarde pas. Il importe beaucoup à la littérature de savoir combien de fois vous avez pris l'ipékékuanha, et des apozèmes; combien de fois vous avez eu la fièvre, la colique, les dartres : il est de la plus grande conséquence de voir la liste de tous les villages Indiens où vous avez passé et d'avoir le détail de toutes vos querelles.

Un lecteur éclairé fera sans doute charmé de savoir que dans la pagode d'Iloura “ à gauche et
 “ continuant par la droite, on aperçoit Maha Deo,
 “ et au-dessous de ce Dieu, Raona et neuf de ses
 “ têtes autour du Lingam, que le deuxième bas-
 “ relief présente Maha Deo, Parbati, et au-dessous
 “ les Brabmes de Raona; le troisième Maha Deo,
 “ Parbati, Pendi (ou Pando) et au-dessous, un
 “ bœuf; le quatrième, les mêmes figures; le cin-
 “ quième, un Brahme; le sixième, Maha Deo, et
 “ Parbati; le septième, Banguira; le huitième,
 “ Maha Deo, et Parbati; le neuvième, les mêmes
 “ figures avec un bœuf; le dixième, la même chose;
 “ le onzième, Rajah Bal; le douzième, Maha
 “ Deo, Parbati, et un voleur; le treizième, Ram
 “ et sa femme Gangam; le quatorzième, Schid-
 “ dadjî et sa femme; le quinzième, Djakodjî et sa

“ femme ; le seizième, Maha Deo, Parbati, et un
 “ bœuf ; le dix-septième, Seadjî ; le dix-huitième,
 “ Narchiotar dans un Kambour ; le dix-neuvième,
 “ Toulladjî ; le vingtième, Mankoudjî ; le vingt-
 “ unième Satvadjî ; le vingt-deuxième, Latchi-
 “ mana ; le vingt-troisième, Dondi ; le vingt-
 “ quatrième, Mallari ; le vingt-cinquième, Bonbi ;
 “ le vingt-sixième, Tchemenandjî ; le vingt-sep-
 “ tième, Makoundjî ; le vingt-huitième, Moradjî ;
 “ le vingt-neuvième Nembadjî, à quatre bras ; le
 “ trentième, Dondi, et sa femme à quatre bras ; le
 “ trente-unième Schamdjî, voleur, qui a quatre
 “ bras, et à gauche sa femme ; le trente-deuxième,
 “ Anandjî, Bibi (femme) ; le trente-troisième,
 “ Goupala ; le trente-quatrième, Manoukou à
 “ quatre bras, attaché à un pilier ; le trente-cin-
 “ quième, Anandjî, avec un visage de tigre, dévo-
 “ rant Kepaldjî, et auquel on tire les entrailles du
 “ ventre ; le trente-sixième, Ramsedj couché ; le
 “ trente-septième, Gurigoorden, à quatre bras ; le
 “ trente-huitième, Basék Rajah à six bras ; le
 “ trente-neuvième, Kresnedjî (ou Keeschtnedjî) à
 “ quatre bras, couché sur Garour ; le quarant-
 “ ième, Vischnou qui avale une femme ; le qua-
 “ rante-unième, Tchendoupala à quatre bras,
 “ marchant sur Matchelè ; le quarante-deuxième,
 “ Goindrâs à quatre bras, appuyé sur une espèce
 “ de trône ; le quarante-troisième, Anapourna,
 “ Bibi.”

Voilà à peu près le langage de votre agréable discours préliminaire. Ce ne sont là, direz-vous, que des fables Indiennes; mais sied-il à un homme né dans ce siècle de s'infatuer des fables Indiennes? Ce n'est point ainsi que le Chevalier Chardin écrivit le voyage de Perse, ni M. Bernier celui de Cachemir: ils écrivirent tous deux avec autant de pureté que de goût. Un voyageur doit profiter de ces illustres exemples; la *beauté de son teint*, et *cet air de douceur*, dont vous parlez, ne lui serviront de rien, s'il ne met pas un peu de *grâces* dans ses écrits.

Quelquefois, à la vérité, il vous prend envie de plaisanter. On vous fit chanter le Crédo en faux-bourdon, et vous insinuez, qu'étant Français, vous étiez pris pour musicien. Tranquillisez-vous, Monsieur; on ne fait pas au juste ce qu'en pensent les prêtres Indiens, mais on vous assure que, si vous revenez en Angleterre, on ne vous fera pas chanter. Les Anglais connaissent trop bien la mélodie de votre nation musicale.

Jusqu'ici, Monsieur, nous n'avons d'autre plainte envers vous, que celle de nous avoir endormis; ce qui n'est pas certainement un crime en soi-même: quant à ceux qui craignent ces vapeurs soporifiques, il leur est facile on de ne pas lire un livre qui les donne, ou de l'oublier; le remède est aussi naturel que la précaution est bonne.

On ne dira rien ici de votre style dur, bas, inélégant, souvent ampoulé, rarement conforme au sujet,* et jamais agréable. Il est permis, peut-être, à un voyageur d'écrire un peu à la Persane; mais après le siècle de Bossuet et de Fenelon, et dans celui de M. de Voltaire et de M. d'Alembert, un Français doit au moins écrire avec pureté dans sa langue naturelle; et sûrement un membre de l'Académie des Belles-lettres doit avoir honte qu'un étranger lui reproche les défauts de son style. On voit bien que vous n'êtes pas de l'Académie Française.

Nous aurons plus à dire sur la fin de votre discours. Vous recourûtes, Monsieur, aux Anglais; ils vous protégèrent contre votre nation; vous revîntes en Europe dans un de leurs vaisseaux; vous abordâtes en Angleterre dans un temps de guerre; les hommes les plus distingués du royaume s'empresèrent de vous rendre service; vous allâtes à Oxford; on vous y reçut avec la même politesse: d'où vient donc que vous regardâtes d'un œil si malin une nation que l'Europe entière respecte, et qu'elle respectera? Quelle punition votre Zoroastre ordonne-t-il pour les ingrats? Combien *d'urine de bœuf* sont-ils obligés d'avalier? On vous conseille, Monsieur, de prendre une dose de cette sainte et purifiante liqueur.

Pour épargner le lecteur, on ne relevera point

l'indignité avec laquelle vous parlez d'un respectable Astronome qui vous fit l'honneur de vous visiter à St. Hélène. Votre basse et dégoûtante plaisanterie à son sujet est-elle d'un ton à s'allier avec celui du traducteur du *Pazend*? Vous ajoutez "*voilà les Français.*" C'est insulter, Monsieur, à votre illustre nation que de leur imputer des mœurs, qui ne seraient pas dignes des sauvages du Cap de Bonne Espérance. Nous connaissons des Français de distinction, avec lesquels vous n'êtes pas, ce nous semble, très-lié, qui seraient indignés d'un pareil procédé à l'égard du plus vil de leurs vassaux.

Non, Monsieur, vous ne nous persuaderez jamais que c'est votre climat que vous donne la petitesse d'esprit, et la bassesse du cœur. Ni par votre belle exclamation sur vos compatriotes, ni par vos invectives contre les nôtres, vous ne parviendrez au but de la Satire, qui est d'être, cruc, et de porter coup. La société des Français bien nés, bien élevés sera fure et agréable quoique la vôtre soit insipide et dangereuse; et nos gens de mérite ne cesseraient pas d'être estimables, quand même tous les fots présomptueux de la terre compteraient les verres de vin qu'ils boivent.

En effet, comment traiter un soi-disant littérateur que s'efforce de tourner en ridicule des

personnes, dont il n'a reçu que des marques de bienveillance ? Quel titre faut-il donner à celui qui reçoit des rafraîchissemens chez des savans illustres, ne fût-ce que du thé, et qui les calomnie sans provocation, dès qu'il les a quittés, qui viole les lois de l'hospitalité, lois si religieusement observées parmi les Orientaux. qui déshonore, nous ne disons pas le titre de savant, mais celui d'homme ?

Nous avons, Monsieur, l'honneur de connaître le Docteur Hunt, et nous faisons gloire de le respecter. Il est incapable de tromper qui que ce soit. *Il ne vous a jamais dit*, il n'a pu vous dire, qu'il entendait les langues anciennes de la Perse. Il est persuadé, aussi bien que nous, que personne ne les fait, et ne les saura jamais, à moins qu'on ne recouvre toutes les histoires, les poèmes, et les ouvrages de religion, que le Calife Omar, et ses généraux cherchèrent à détruire avec tant d'acharnement ; ce qui rend inutile la peine de courir le monde aux dépens de l'éclat d'un *visage fleuri*. Il ne regrette pas à la vérité son ignorance de ces langues : il en est assez dédommagé par sa rare connaissance du Persan moderne, la langue des Sadi, des Cachefi, des Nezâmi, dans les livres desquels on ne trouve ni le Barfom, ni le Lingam, ni des observations ridicules, ni des idées fantastiques,

mais beaucoup de réflexions piquantes contre l'ingratitude et la fausseté.

Vous n'avez qu'à vous louer de la politesse de cet homme estimable, ainsi que de celle du célèbre Antiquaire, auquel vous vous êtes adressé, et avec lequel vous en usez si poliment. Ses recherches sur l'histoire, et sur l'antiquité ont reçu une approbation générale. Vous fied-il après cela de prodiguer vos prétendues faillies Françaises au sujet de sa figure ? Mais on peut tout attendre *d'un teint de roses* : il est pour le moins aussi dangereux que le petit nez retrouffé dans le conte de M. Marmontel. Le nombre des hommes que l'on *plonge dans la mer* à cause de *leur beauté* n'est pas bien considérable en Europe ; comment pouvez-vous, Monsieur, supporter toutes les chétives physionomies qui vous entourent ?

Vous faites l'éloge de M. Stanley : c'est le moins que vous lui deviez ; il vous a rendu des services plus essentiels que ne le sont vos louanges. Vous en parlez comme d'un homme de goût, et vous avez raison. Ne perdrait-t-il pas dans votre opinion, comme sûrement vous perdriez dans la sienne, s'il avait lu votre traduction ? Nous souhaitons pour l'amour de lui qu'il ne la lise jamais.

On ne prendra pas la peine de relever toutes

les erreurs dont votre récit fourmille ; mais on se croit obligé de vous reprendre sur quelques-unes, auxquelles ceux qui n'ont pas encore lu votre Zende Vasta pourraient ajouter foi trop légèrement.

En Angleterre, dites-vous, le titre de Docteur, donné à tous les savans, en fait un corps à part, qui a tout le pédantisme de l'école. La plupart résident à Oxford et à Cambridge, villes, dont l'air, à un mille à la ronde, semble imprégné de Grec, de Latin, et d'Hébreu.

Pouvez-vous croire sérieusement, Monsieur, qu'on ne saurait être savant en Angleterre sans être docteur, et que ce titre est donné à tous les hommes de lettres ? comme si l'on prenait des degrés en littérature ; comme si un ministre, un officier, un membre du parlement, un jurisconsulte, qui doit tout savoir, étaient obligés de rester dans l'ignorance à moins qu'ils ne prissent le bonnet ! Pouvez-vous ignorer que les nobles, les hommes d'état, les généraux, les interprètes des lois de cette nation, se glorifient d'avoir été élevés dans l'une ou l'autre de ces Universités ? qu'on y étudie les sciences, les beaux arts, les lois civiles et municipales, qui valent pour le moins celles des Guèbres ? et si l'on n'a pas honte d'y lire les beaux ouvrages des anciens, c'est avec un esprit bien différent de celui dont

vous avez lu les prétendues lois d'un prétendu législateur.

Est-il permis, après avoir publié trois volumes d'inepties, d'appliquer le beau nom de pédans à ceux qui se sont donné tant de peine à simplifier, à épurer la littérature ?

Est-il permis à un homme, dont le seul mérite, selon son propre aveu, est de savoir par cœur quelques milliers de mots Zendiques et Pehlevaniques, de parler avec mépris des langues Grecque et Romaine, que les Despreaux, les Racines, les Bossuets se glorifiaient de savoir, et dont ils tiraient le fond de leurs immortels ouvrages ?

Cet homme extraordinaire, qui a continué pendant soixante années à cultiver les lettres, et à les enrichir, ne fait pas scrupule de dire dans sa lettre écrite, il y a quatre ans, à M. d'Olivet, que *le Grec et le Latin sont à toutes les autres langues du monde ce que le jeu d'échecs est au jeu de dames, et ce qu'une belle danse est à une démarche ordinaire.* Michel Cervantes, aussi grand écrivain qu'homme d'esprit, en dit à peu près la même chose, et les appelle *les reines des langues*. Ce n'est pas à cause de leur beauté, de leur mélodie, de leur énergie, que ces auteurs ont loué les anciens idiomes de Grèce et d'Italie; c'est qu'ils étaient ceux de Pindare, et d'Horace, de

Sapho, et de Catulle, de Démofthène, et de Cicéron. On sent bien, pour toutes ces raisons, que ces langues ne sont pas les vôtres. Mais souvenez-vous de cet axiome : décrier ce qu'on ignore, et parce qu'on l'ignore, c'est le partage des fots.

Daignez aussi vous ressouvenir, quand vous parlez de la littérature des Anglais, que, si les mots *collège* et *écolier*, sont équivoques dans votre langue, ils présentent un sens très-différent dans la leur de celui que vous leur donnez. Dans ce sens leurs Universités ne sont pas composées de *collèges* et d'*écoliers*, comme vous le dites ; mais la noblesse Anglaise, après avoir appris les langues et les élémens des sciences aux *collèges*, passent à l'*Université* trois ou quatre de leurs plus beaux ans pour approfondir ce qu'ils ont déjà effleuré, avant que de visiter les pays étrangers, ou de briller dans la cour plénière de la nation.

Sachez, Monsieur, que l'Université que vous décrivez, et dont vous n'avez pas la moindre idée, jouit d'un privilège que n'ont pas vos Académies. C'est celui qui distingue l'homme libre, de l'homme qui ne l'est pas ; celui de faire ses propres lois dans la grande assemblée du royaume. Elle choisit ses représentans parmi ceux qui ont le plus de talent et de vertu. Elle

n'est pas, comme on fait, le seul corps politique de l'Angleterre qui jouisse de ce beau privilège ; mais elle fait plus : elle n'en abuse point. La moindre recommandation de la part du ministère ; la moindre cabale de la part du candidat suffirait pour le faire rejeter. A-t-il des talents, de la vertu ? Il peut espérer d'atteindre à cette haute dignité. N'en a-t-il point ? Il ne l'atteindra jamais. Tandis que l'Université d'Oxford préservera ce droit précieux, elle sera la plus respectable Académie qui ait jamais existée.

On se hâte de finir l'examen de votre premier volume.

Vous triomphez, Monsieur, de ce que le Docteur Hyde ne savait pas les langues anciennes de la Perse ; et vous ne dites rien de nouveau. Tous les étudiants de la littérature Orientale savaient déjà que les misérables poèmes appelés *Saddar* et *Ardiviraf Nama* étaient écrits en langue Persane moderne, et seulement en caractères anciens. Un jeune homme, qui s'est amusé pendant quelque temps de ces bagatelles, et qui s'occupe à présent à étudier des lois, qui ne sont pas celles de Zoroastre, nous avait expliqué plusieurs années avant la publication de votre livre, ce couplet, dont le sens est

*Ils étendirent de beaux tapis tissus de perles,
Ils répandirent de tous côtés des parfums et des
odeurs*.*

Il nous a dit que les mots *besât* tapis, *bekhór* parfum, et *atar* odeur, étaient Arabes, et que par conséquent ces vers avaient été faits après le milieu du septième siècle. Ce même homme nous a fait remarquer que dans la première édition de l'ouvrage de Hyde, p. 102, on a répété le mot *afkendend*, ils étendirent, deux fois, que la méprise ne consistait que dans une seule lettre, et que l'on doit mettre dans le second vers *afshandend*, ils répandirent ; de manière que le distique s'écrive,

Besati naghzi goberbast afkendend

Bekhor u atar ez her sou afshándend †.

car en lisant *parakendend* il y a une syllabe de

* En Persan moderne.

بِسَاطِ نَغْزِي كُوبَرَبَاسْتِ اَفْكَندَنْد

بُخُورِ وِطَرِ اَز هَر سُو افشاندند

† En caractères anciens.

بِسَاطِ نَغْزِي كُوبَرَبَاسْتِ اَفْكَندَنْد
بُخُورِ وِطَرِ اَز هَر سُو افشاندند

trop dans le vers, à moins qu'on ne lise *bašteh* au lieu de *bašt* dans le premier membre du couplet, ce qui paraît plus grammatical ; et alors le distique se scandera,

Běšātī nāgh | zǝ gōhērbāf | tēb āfkēndēnd |
Bēkhōr u at | ar ēz bēr sōu | pārkēndēnd |

Mais il est inutile de vous parler de vers ; ils ne sont pas de votre compétence.

Vous reprenez le Docteur Hyde de ce qu'il ignorait que les cinq *gahs* signifiaient les cinq parties du jour ; de ce qu'il dit *tou* au lieu de *ton* ; et de ce qu'il ne savait pas qu' *Aherman*, le nom de votre diable Persan, était une abréviation du mot mélodieux *Engbri meniōsch* ; car vous savez qu'en changeant *Engbri* en *Aher* et *meniōsch* en *man* on fait *Aherman*. De la même manière on peut faire le mot *diable* en changeant *Engbri* en *di*, et *meniōsch* en *able*.

Vous nous apprenez mille autres choses également curieuses et intéressantes, lesquelles valaient bien la peine d'être cherchées entre les Tropiques.

On ne fera point ici l'apologie du Docteur Hyde. C'est le sort de ceux qui se sont appliqués à étudier les lois des Guèbres, d'avoir beaucoup de vaine érudition, très-peu de jugement, et point de goût. Mais souvenez-vous que cet

homme aimable et industrieux ne vivait pas dans le dix-huitième siècle, ou n'en vit que le commencement, et qu'il n'avait ni les secours, que vous avez eus sans en profiter, ni les exemples que vous avez connus sans les suivre. Vous citez de temps en temps la *Bibliothèque Orientale*; ce livre aussi profond qu'agréable aurait pu vous servir de modèle. Mais vous étiez résolu d'être un *original*.

De plus, savez-vous que le Docteur Hyde composa une élégie Persane sur la mort du roi Guillaume III. ? Ce petit poème de treize distiques est imprimé en caractères anciens, dont il avait fait fondre des types. Vous n'aurez garde, Monsieur, de nous montrer vos élégies.

Revenons-en aux Guèbres. Vous avez rapporté de l'Inde des manuscrits orientaux que l'Europe possédait déjà : mais vous n'avez pas cherché ceux dont elle avait besoin. Vous n'avez point rapporté l'original du *Calila va Demna*, livre charmant, écrit en Indien, et traduit dans toutes les langues connues sous le nom de *Fables de Pilpai*; ni la traduction du même ouvrage en Pehlevi, faite dans le sixième siècle par l'ordre du roi Nouchirvan. Nous avons une traduction Arabe, faite à la lettre sur cette dernière, avec le secours de laquelle (si l'on avait les deux autres manuscrits) on pourrait apprendre quelque partie des langues Sanscrite,

et Pehlevanique, si quelqu'un était assez oisif pour entreprendre cette tâche.

Vous n'êtes pas trop exact même dans les titres de vos manuscrits ; 1. Celui nommé *Tobfat el Irakein*, ou *Le Don des deux Iraques*, n'est pas, comme vous l'annoncez, l'histoire de deux rois Irakiens, mais une description poétique des rivières, montagnes, prairies, &c. dans les deux provinces nommées Iraques, c'est-à-dire l'ancienne Babylonie, et la Parthie : 2. Le poète Hafez n'était point le cousin germain, ni même le contemporain de Sadi, attendu qu'il mourut dans l'an de notre ère 1394, et que Sadi était né en 1175, et par malheur pour votre calcul, avait vécu seulement six-vingts ans : 3. *Les Contes du Perroquet* étaient composés par un natif de Nakhshcb, ville de la Tranfoxane, qui par conséquent est surnommé *Nakhshcbi*, et non *Nakhshi*, comme vous l'appellez.

Voilà réellement des minuties ; mais à l'exemple du traducteur du *Zende Vasta*, on se réserve le droit d'être quelquefois ennuyeux.

Passons à votre second volume, dans lequel vous annoncez la vie d'un grand législateur, et vous débutez par des contes, que le sage dervis, auteur des *Mille et un Jour*, aurait rougi d'insérer parmi les siens. Ciel ! que de remplissages ! On voit d'abord des *notices* assommantes de vos manuscrits, dont vous avez déjà parlé mille fois ;

puis cent pages de *sommaires* de tout l'ouvrage, que personne ne lira, et dont nous ne on feillons la lecture à personne.

La seule chose curieuse qu'on trouve dans vos *notices*, y est à votre insçu, et par hasard. Vous abrégez à votre façon un conte Persan, dans lequel un magicien puissant menace de tuer un philosophe, s'il ne répond pas à toutes ses questions. Il lui demande *ce que c'est que le beau sexe désire le plus* : l'autre répond que c'est *la tendresse d'un amant*. Le magicien appelle sa femme pour décider de la vérité de cette réponse : elle veut sauver la vie au philosophe, et lui révèle le secret du magicien en lui avouant que le souverain bonheur de son sexe consiste à *être obéi, et à exercer le pouvoir*. Or, comme on voit d'abord que cette idée orientale a fourni le sujet d'un agréable conte à notre Chaucer, on peut supposer qu'il l'avait prise des Provençaux dans un temps, où les livres Asiatiques commençaient à être connus en Europe.

Vous étalez le mérite de vos recueils Persans, qu'il vous plaît d'appeler *Ravaât*, mot Arabe, et par conséquent très-moderne en Perse, qui signifie *traditions*. Ces recueils ne sont pas rares. M. Frazer en avait rapporté un de l'Inde, qui est plus étendu que le vôtre, quoique vous affectiez d'en parler avec mépris. Cet Ecoslais, Monsieur, qui savait le Persan moderne pour

le moins aussi bien que vous, annonce son manuscrit dans sa liste imprimée, comme un recueil de toutes les traditions authentiques touchant les lois de Zoroastre. *Lucius ait ; Fannius negat : utri creditis, Quirites?*

On n'aura garde de mentionner ici toutes vos bévues : mais on en relèvera quelques-unes, peu importantes, à la vérité, mais telles qu'un savant aurait dû éviter. Le Docteur Darab aurait pu vous dire, Monsieur, que *Zoboré* n'est pas le nom de Jupiter, ni *Moschteri* celui de Venus. Vous avez transposé les noms de ces deux planètes : *Zohora*, qui signifie *lumineuse* en Arabe, est celle que nous nommons Venus, à laquelle les poètes orientaux donnent un des attributs de l'Apollon des Grecs, celui de porter une harpe, et de la pincer délicieusement. Venus est donc selon eux la déesse de la musique ; et dans ce sens les Français ne sont pas nés sous cette planète.

Vous confondez les mots *Iran*, et *Arran*, qui n'ont pas la même orthographe en Persan *. Vous parlez de *l'Iran proprement dit*. Sachez qu'il n'y a point *d'Iran improprement dit*. Le pays d'*Arran* faisait partie de l'ancienne Médie ; les géographes Asiatiques le joignent souvent avec *l'Azarbigian*. *L'Iran*, ou *l'Airan*, écrit avec un A et un I, est le nom général de l'empire

des Persans, opposé à celui des Tartares, ou le Touran.

Nous observons que dans vos citations des prétendus livres Zendes, vous faites usage du mot *Din* pour signifier la loi et la religion. Or ce mot est purement Arabe, et par conséquent ne pouvait pas se trouver dans un livre Zende. Nous soupçonnons que vos Guèbres ressemblent à ces Bohèmes vagabonds, qui prétendent savoir la langue ancienne de l'Egypte, en tirent une horoscope pour deux sous.

On peut ajouter que la plus grande partie de votre vie de Zoroastre est tirée ou des livres Persans, que nous avons déjà, ou de la traduction de quelques livres Grecs, que nous serions bien aises de n'avoir jamais eus; et que ce législateur, si votre narré est vrai, était le plus détestable de tous les hommes.

Nous venons, Monsieur, à votre fameuse traduction sur laquelle vous fondez toute votre gloire.

Le premier ouvrage que vous nous offrez n'est qu'une liturgie ennuyeuse, avec le détail de quelques cérémonies absurdes. Voici le style de ce livre unintelligible. “ *Je prie le Zour, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Barsom, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Zour, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Zour avec le Barsom et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Barsom avec le*

“ *Zour, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Zour sur*
 “ *le Barsom, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le Bar-*
 “ *som sur ce Zour, et je lui fais iescht. Je prie le*
 “ *Zour sur ce Barsom, et je lui fais iescht, &c.*
 “ *&c.*” Il est bon d’avertir ici que le *Zour*
 n’est que de l’eau, et que le *Barsom* n’est qu’un
 faisceau de branches d’arbres. Zoroastre ne
 pouvait pas écrire des sottises pareilles. C’est,
 sans doute, la rapsodie de quelque Guèbre
 moderne.

Ce qui nous confirme dans cette idée, c’est
 que vous mettez à la marge les mots *pargard*
awel pour signifier *première section*. Or ce mot
awel est Arabe, et Zoroastre ne savait pas la lan-
 gue Arabe. Vous citez souvent les mots de
 cette langue, pour de l’ancien Zende ; comme
nekáb, mariage, tavbid, déclaration de l’unité de
Dieu, et távidh, un préservatif, qui ne sont que
 de simples gérondifs Arabes. Dans votre tra-
 duction des *Ieschts Sadés*, manuscrit Zende,
 vous avez l’effronterie de faire mention de *Nous-*
chirvan Adel, qui régnait à la fin du sixième
 siècle, et dont le titre d’*Adel* ou *Le Juste* lui fut
 donné par Mahomet. Voilà votre ancienne
 langue de Perse.

On fera grâce au lecteur du reste de votre
 traduction, qui ne dit rien ni au cœur ni à l’es-
 prit. Tout votre *Zende Vasta* n’est qu’un tissu
 d’exclamations puériles, si nous en exceptons le

Vendidad, ou *Pazend*, qui seul a quelque air d'authenticité : encore n'est-ce, selon vous, que la vingtième partie de l'ancien livre de Zoroastre. Nous demandons, Où sont les autres parties ?

Il faut vous demander encore pourquoi les Persans eux-mêmes disent unanimement que Zoroastre publia trois ouvrages, le *Zende*, ou le *livre de vie*, le *Pazend*, ou la *confirmation* de ce livre, et le *Vasta*, ou *Avesta*, qui en était la *glose* ? * Les Persans étaient, sans doute, à portée de savoir la vérité de ce qu'ils avançaient. Il faut ajouter foi à leur témoignage.

Nous dirons en passant que vous n'êtes pas le premier qui nous ait enseigné que les livres de Zoroastre étaient écrits dans un ancien dialecte de la Perse, différent du Pehlévannique. M. d'Herbelot le dit dans l'article *Usta* de sa *Bibliothèque Orientale*, livre, qui fait beaucoup d'honneur à votre nation, et que vous citez très-souvent sans en faire votre profit.

Les vingt-deux chapitres de votre *Pazend*, quoique, peut-être, plus anciens que le reste de l'ouvrage, sont de si peu au-dessus de l'*Izeschné*, et *Vispered*, que ce n'était certainement pas la peine de les publier. Ils ne contiennent rien qui réponde au caractère de philosophe et de le-

* En Persan, زند , پازند , و استا .

gislateur. Nous en citerons seulement la description du chien ; et si, après cette absurde rapsodie, la plus intelligible, et la plus importante partie du livre, le lecteur veut le lire en entier, il a du courage. Voici donc Zoroastre, qui parle par son *bel* interprète.

Le chien a huit qualités : il est comme l'Athornè (le prêtre), il est comme le militaire, il est comme le laboureur prince de biens, il est comme l'oiseau, il est comme le voleur, il est comme la bête féroce, il est comme la femme de mauvaise vie, il est comme la jeune personne. N'est-ce pas là un beau groupe ! mais il nous faut des détails : oh ! nous en aurons de vraiment sublimes. Écoutons.

*Comme l'Athornè, le chien mange ce qu'il trouve ; comme l'Athornè il est bienfaisant et heureux ; comme l'Athornè, il se contente de tout ; comme l'Athornè, il éloigne ceux qui s'approchent de lui : il est comme l'Athornè. Voilà ce qui s'appelle une précision géométrique dans les formes. Il y a seulement quelque petit manque de sens commun dans la démonstration ; mais cela est bien racheté par la manière fine et élégante dont Zoroastre satirise les prêtres : et ces paroles, *il mange ce qu'il trouve*, sont fort énergiques. Au reste on voit que le ton poli a été long-temps avant nous de donner le titre de *chien* très-libéralement.*

Le chien marche en avant comme le militaire ; il frappe les troupeaux purs en les conduisant

comme le militaire; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux comme le militaire : il est comme le militaire. Il y a bien des guerriers qui ne trouveraient pas la comparaison flatteuse. Monsieur le traducteur, en connaissez-vous, qui s'en accommoderaient ?

Le chien est actif, vigilant, pendant le temps du sommeil, comme le laboureur principe de biens ; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens ; il rôde derrière, devant les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens : il est comme le laboureur. Devant, derrière, derrière, devant——Répétition gracieuse et emphatique !

Comme l'oiseau le chien est gai ; il s'approche de l'homme comme l'oiseau ; il se nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre comme l'oiseau : il est comme l'oiseau.

De la même manière on peut prouver que le chien ressemble à tous les animaux de l'histoire naturelle de M. Buffon. Le singe se nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre, le chat de même, l'écureuil de même, et tous les animaux de même. Ergo, le chien ressemble à tous les animaux. Ah, la belle chose que la logique Persane ! Si celui qui nous la rend si éloquemment voulait en tenir école, et en imprégner l'air à la ronde, quel ton léger ne serait pas substitué à la pédanterie Latine et Grecque ?

Le chien agit dans l'obscurité comme le voleur ; il est exposé à ne rien manger comme le voleur ; souvent il reçoit quelque chose de mauvais comme le voleur ; il est comme le voleur. Le pauvre chien commence à perdre dans les parallèles ! mais malgré la bonne intention de Zoroastre en sa faveur, y avait-il beaucoup gagné ?

Le chien aime à agir dans les ténèbres comme la bête féroce ; sa force est pendant la nuit, comme la bête féroce : quelquefois il n'a rien à manger comme la bête féroce ; souvent il reçoit quelque chose de mauvais comme la bête féroce ; il est comme la bête féroce. Tournures à chaque instant nouvelles et agréables ! Ne riez pas, lecteur : respectez l'antiquité ; admirez tout dans Zoroastre.

Le chien est content comme la femme de mauvaise vie ; il se tient dans les chemins écartés comme la femme de mauvaise vie ; il se nourrit de ce qu'il peut trouver comme la femme de mauvaise vie : il est comme la femme de mauvaise vie. Le philosophe voulait prouver qu'il connaissait parfaitement tous les états ! Qu'importe que ce fût aux dépens du chien et de la raison ? mais patience ! Voici la dernière comparaison pour le moins aussi juste que toutes les autres.

Le chien dort beaucoup comme la jeune personne ; il est brûlant et en action comme la jeune personne ; il a la langue longue comme la jeune personne ;

il court en avant comme la jeune personne. Tels sont les deux chefs que je fais marcher dans les lieux, savoir, le chien Pefschoroun et le chien Vefschoroun, &c.

Ormuzd, grand Ormuzd, principe de tous biens parmi les Guèbres, si tu as dicté cette *chienne* de description à Zoroastre, je ne te fais pas *iescht* ; tu n'es qu'un sot Génie ; peut-être, *au teint de lis et de roses*, mais sûrement sans cervelle !

Vous voyez, Monsieur, que le mal se gagne ; nous donnons à notre tour dans les exclamations : aimeriez-vous mieux ce dilemme ? Ou Zoroastre n'avait pas le sens commun, ou il n'écrivit pas le livre que vous lui attribuez : s'il n'avait pas le sens commun, il fallait le laisser dans la foule, et dans l'obscurité ; s'il n'écrivit pas ce livre, il était impudent de le publier sous son nom. Ainsi, ou vous avez insulté le goût du public en lui présentant des sottises, ou vous l'avez trompé en lui débitant des faussetés : et de chaque côté vous méritez son mépris.

Nous croirons plutôt les Guèbres eux-mêmes, lorsqu'ils nous assurent que les livres de leur législateur furent brûlés par Alexandre. Nous savons d'ailleurs que les Rois de la famille Sassanienne ramassèrent tous les anciens livres qu'ils pouvaient trouver, et que les généraux d'Omar les firent presque tous détruire, selon les ordres

que ce Calife avait reçus de Mahomet. Les Mahométans, tolérans pour toutes les autres religions, sont intolérans pour les idolâtres, et les adorateurs du feu ; et si quelques familles de ces malheureux trouvèrent le moyen de se retirer dans l'Inde, ils ne putent conserver que quelques traditions imparfaites au sujet de leurs anciennes lois.

Tels sont les livres que vous allâtes chercher à Surate. Ils sont assez barbares en eux-mêmes, et ils n'ont pas gagné dans votre barbare traduction. Tout votre livre est si bigarré de mots étrangers qu'il est nécessaire de savoir un peu le Persan pour comprendre votre Français. Votre ouvrage a l'air d'un grimoire, mais on y voit bien que vous n'êtes pas *forcier*.

On ne dira rien des obscénités qui sont prodiguées dans quelques passages de vos prétendues lois, lesquelles vous rendez plus dégoûtantes, s'il est possible, par vos notes. On aurait cru que le précepte *vitanda est rerum et verborum obscœnitas* regardait sur-tout les ouvrages de morale, et de religion. Mais vous faites dire au bon principe des Guèbres des saletés qu'une sage-femme rougirait de répéter parmi ses commères. *Vous ne savez, dites-vous, comment les exprimer bonnêtement.* Eh ! pourquoi les exprimer du tout ? C'était pour faire voir combien vous possédiez votre Persan.

Quand aux vocabulaires que vous avez traduits, il faut avouer que le révérend Docteur Darab a dû savoir les langues sacrées de sa nation : mais lorsque nous voyons ses mots Arabes corrompus *Dunia* et *Akhré* les deux mondes, *Malke* un roi, *Zéman* le temps, *Ganm* animal de bétail, *Damme* sang, *Sanat* année, *Ab* père, *Am* mère, *Awela* d'abord, *Shemsia* le soleil, *La* non, et quelques autres, donnés pour des mots Zendes et Pehlevis, ainsi que *Baki* le reste, *Tamám* accompli, &c. pour du Parsi, nous disons hardiment que ce charlatan vous a trompé, et que vous avez tâché de tromper vos lecteurs.

Nous croyons ici entrevoir la vérité. Vous n'avez appris qu'un peu de Persan moderne, et encore moins de l'ancien ; et vous avez traduit ces malheureux livres Zendes, avec le secours de ce Guèbre, qui ne les entendait probablement lui-même que très-imparfaitement. Vous avez fait en cela comme un homme que nous connaissons, qui traduisait les poèmes Arabes les plus difficiles sous les yeux d'un natif d'Alep, tandis qu'il ne pouvait pas lire le premier chapitre de l'Alcoran sans se secours ; et vous êtes semblable à un enfant qui flotte sur des vessies enflées, et se persuade qu'il nage à merveille.

Mais souvenez-vous qu'un écolier qui apprend le Latin ne s'avise pas de faire imprimer sa no-

menclature ? Souvenez-vous auffi qu'un vocabulaire n'est pas plus une langue, qu'une pierre est un château. Il n'y a rien de si facile que d'étaler une vaine érudition. Nous connaissons des auteurs qui citent l'original des livres Chinois sans pouvoir lire trois caractères de cette langue. M. Fourmont, qui compila une grammaire de la langue Chinoise à l'aide d'un natif de Peking, n'était pas capable, peut-être, de traduire les Chi-king ou trois cents Odes, dont une, qui est très-belle, est citée par Confucius. Il serait à souhaiter que M. de Guignes voulût employer ses loisirs à traduire ces anciens poëmes, qui sont à la Bibliothèque du Roi de France, au lieu de s'occuper à publier les traductions du P. Gaubil, qui d'ailleurs sont très-curieuses, et très-authentiques.

Le reste de votre ouvrage contient quelques traités assommans, un *précis raisonné* où l'on ne trouve ni précision ni raison, avec une table très-étendue des matières, que peu de personnes s'aviseront de consulter.

Nous avons exposé la quintessence de vos trois énormes volumes, desquels un homme de goût, qui aurait possédé sa langue, aurait pu faire un *in-douze* assez amusant.

Il résulte, Monsieur, de tout ceci, ou que vous n'avez pas les connaissances que vous vous van-

tez d'avoir, ou que ces connaissances sont vaines, frivoles, et indignes d'occuper l'esprit d'un homme de quarante ans.

Vous insinuez que vous avez quelque dessein de retourner à l'Inde pour y traduire les livres sacrés des Brahmanes. Oh ! pour l'amour de vous-même, et pour celui du public, ne songez plus à ce projet. Votre description des *Linganistes* ne nous donne pas une idée trop avantageuse des philosophes Indiens. D'ailleurs n'est-ce pas assez d'avoir traduit le Zende Vasta ?

Croyez-nous, Monsieur, employez mieux votre temps : cessez de médire, et de calomnier des hommes qui vous ont rendu service : cessez de vous infatuer des extravagances d'une misérable secte d'enthousiastes : mettez dans la bibliothèque de votre roi tout ce qu'il vous plaira ; mais ne présentez au public que l'extrait le plus pur de vos écrits. Souvenez-vous surtout de ce couplet du poëte Sadi,

اگر صد سال شبر آتش فروزد
اگر یکدم در او افتد بسوزد

Quand même le Guèbre aurait entretenu son feu pendant cent années, des qu'il y tombe, il s'y brule.

Vous nous pardonnerez de n'avoir pas lu les mémoires que vous avez insérés dans le *Journal*.

des Savans, et ailleurs. En *verite* nous n'en avons pas eu le courage.

Au reste, Monsieur, ne croyez pas que celui qui vous écrit cette lettre, ait l'intention de vous nuire en la publiant. Il s'est cru obligé de répondre à vos satires, comme on chasse un frelon qu'on voit bourdonnant autour d'un ami, sans pourtant aimer ni haïr le pauvre insecte, qui est hors d'état d'être réellement nuisible à personne.

Il est, cependant, fâché de savoir que *vous n'êtes pas plus opulent*. Le fameux Antiquaire, au sujet duquel vous vous servez de ces mêmes mots, n'a pas tant de raison que vous, Monsieur, de se consoler des rigueurs de la fortune : il n'est riche ni en manuscrits Zendiques, ni en mots barbares, ni en orgueil.

Mais comme vous avez votre vanité, qu'on vous passe sans peine, souffrez, Monsieur, que l'inconnu qui veut bien accorder l'honneur d'une critique à votre livre, ait aussi la sienne, et ne mette dans le frontispice de cette brochure que les lettres initiales de votre nom. Il ignore ce que le public en pensera, et s'il ne condamnera pas cet examen au moins comme inutile. Mais quoi qu'il en soit, il n'a pas jugé à propos de chercher un abri pour la foudre sous vos lauriers.

Pour la même raison, permettez qu'il vous cache son nom ; d'autant plus qu'il n'aspire pas à former une correspondance avec vous : et que,

si vous répondez à sa lettre, il est résolu de ne point faire de réplique. Tout ce que vous en saurez est ceci : il n'est, grâces au ciel et à la nature, ni Guèbre ni Français, quoiqu'il respecte la mémoire du véritable Zoroastre, et qu'il connaisse bien des Français dignes d'estime. Il n'est d'aucun pays, quand il s'agit des sciences et des arts, qui ne font d'aucun pays. Mais quand il est question de la gloire de sa patrie, il est prêt ou à la défendre ou à la venger. Enfin, Monsieur, vous devez lui savoir bon gré de vous avoir écrit dans une langue qui ne lui est pas naturelle, uniquement parce que vous la savez un peu.

Printed by T. Davison, White-frars.
